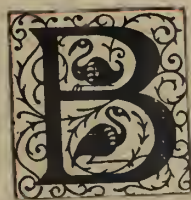


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FROM "PUNCH."

"

Arry



# BALLADS

BY E. J. MILLIKEN

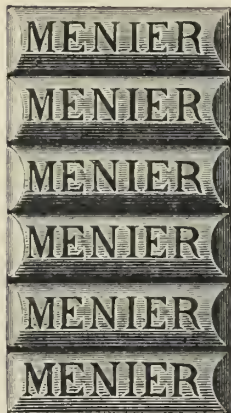
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## NEAVE'S FOOD

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# 'ARRY" BALLADS

FROM "PUNCH."

---

## INTRODUCTORY.

 HIS is a selection, with some additions and emendations, from the 'Arry Papers which from time to time during the last fifteen years have appeared in "Punch."

The intelligent reader will readily perceive that the main purpose of these pages is a satirical one. That, perhaps, is the only adequate excuse for introducing to a polite public so slangy a vulgarian as 'Arry. It is to be feared that his vulgarity and his slang may sometimes jar upon the sensibilities even of those who perceive the object of his literary presentation.

'Arry is a Cockney Cad. It has been attempted in his person to present the fundamental characteristics of that rather ill-defined genus, its salient features, its ruling passions, its most pronounced tastes, and its chosen forms of utterance. What in the politer slang of the period would be designated the "true inwardness" of Caddishness in its Cockney guise the writer has endeavoured to set forth by a selection of traits and of terms which, it is hoped, are sufficiently graphic and suggestive without being unbearably offensive. 'Arry the individual actuality is a difficult subject for uncompromisingly realistic portraiture; but 'Arry the type and the mouthpiece *may* perhaps be introduced to readers not too punctiliously sensitive and super-refined. Osrick would sniff, no doubt, did an 'Arry come between the wind and his nobility, but Hamlet might not disdain to "consider" him, and Jaques might find him "full of matter," albeit but "a material fool."

"The *Cad* in spirit, up or down" (and more especially *up*) "along the scale of ranks," is the mark and butt of these rambling rhymes. My real subject, indeed, is 'Arryism rather than 'Arry. And 'Arryism is not confined to the streets. Its spirit pervades only too plentifully the Race Course, the Betting Ring, the Sporting Club, the Music Hall, many spheres of fashion, and some sections of the press; it is often rampant in the Smoking Room, and not altogether unknown in the Pulpit. How often has one heard 'Arry, in impeccable broadcloth and with unimpeachable h's, vent his faithless philosophy, his cynical creed, his swaggering politics; parade his polished selfishness, his airy arrogance, his satyr sentiment; manifest his thrasonic but essentially petty conceit, his smartly phrased but intrinsically vulgar disdain, his much-vaunted but brutally vicious maxims—not at a tavern bar or on a tram-ear top, but at a City banquet or in a Club

Smoking-room! There are 'Arries and 'Arries, and the foul leaven of essential Caddishness works in different natures in greater or smaller proportions, and with more or less of force. But the essential virus is ever the same; a thing vulgar, vicious, vile; revolting to taste, to honour, and to highmindedness. And the uncultivated Cockney of the streets, the 'Arry here satirically sketched, is *not* the worst "cad" of them all.

As to 'Arry's slang, it makes no pretension to be scientific. It is easily and hospitably eclectic. The slang I have used I have, for the most part, *heard*; have taken it in, not like Joey Ladle "through the pores," but by way of the tympanum. 'Arry likes smart patter and "snide" phrases; and little does he care whether their ultimate origin be Cockney or transatlantic, whether they come from the workshop, the race-course, the back-woods, the bar-parlour, the music-hall, the Stock Exchange, or the thieves' kitchen. The same word may have at different times and from different lips different shades of significance. This should be borne in mind by those friendly critics who have sometimes amused the creator of 'Arry by attributing to him a scientific and exhaustive knowledge of Cockney slang.

As regards 'Arry's diction, his pronunciation, his orthography, it is hardly needful, perhaps, to observe, that no attempt has been made to be accurately phonetic. No possible combination of letters will really render 'Arry's pronunciation of such words as "lady," "game," "Charlie," "daisy," "down," or "trousers." To besprinkle these pages with such orthographic combinations as "lidy," "goime," "Choarlee," "doisy," "daoun," or "tersers," would (in my opinion) make them a perplexing, eye-wearying, phonetic puzzle, without attaining absolute orthoepical accuracy. It would, of course, be quite possible to approximate more closely to 'Arry's actual pronunciation, but only, I think, at the cost of making my verses hideous to look at and hard to read. Rightly or wrongly, I have deliberately abstained from the attempt.

E. J. MILLIKEN.

October, 1892.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

\* \* \* *In addition to the Illustrations originally attached to some of these "'Arry Ballads" as they appeared in the pages of "Punch," this selected collection has been enriched by a number of other pictures drawn from "Mr. Punch's" extensive gallery.*

*These include some by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, LINLEY SAMBOURNE, GEORGE DU MAURIER, HARRY FURNISS, J. B. PARTRIDGE, and other "Punch" Artists.*

*They are intended to be comprehensive in their scope, and are, all of them, more or less illustrative of 'Arry and 'Arryism as here defined; and the possession of them will tend to make this popular issue of the Ballads an attractive representation of 'ARRY in "PUNCH."*



# ON THE 'OLIDAY SEASON.

[Being an epistle from 'Arry, in London, to his particular chum, Charlie, condemned to unwilling retirement "in rural parts."]



Illustration from "Punch," by J. B. Partridge.

1.

**D**EAR CHARLIE,  
 'Ow are yer, old 'ermit? 'Ere's 'oliday season  
 come round,  
 And I'm off on the gay galoot somewheres, and that pooty  
 soon, you be bound;  
 But afore I make tracks for dear Parry, or slope for the  
 Scheldt or the Rhine,  
 My 'art turns to turnmuts and you, and I feel I *must* drop  
 yer a line.

2.

'Ope you're well! 'Ow I wish, dear old man, I could turn on  
 the tellyphone 'ere,  
 And give it you wot the scribes call *viver vochy*. Ink-slinging,  
 I fear,  
 Isn't 'Arry's peticular *meetier*. 'Owever, 'ere goes for a try;  
 And when 'Arry is fair on the job he's a winner, or else  
 he'll know wy.

3.

When fate took you away to the turnmuts, I missed you, old  
 pardner, no end,  
 For our likings in lotions and larks is the same, and it's  
*that* makes a friend.  
 Luck's all! But to cart you off suddent to Chawbaconsire  
 and cold scran,  
 Fresh from Barnsbury Park and town's barneys—I call it  
 'ard lines, dear old man.

4.

Good Gracechurch Street, 'ow do you stand it? I know I'd  
 go fair off my chump,  
 With no sights for my evening trot round but a pigstye, a  
 pond, and a pump;  
 No pub but a sand-parlour'd shanty devoted to sing-song  
 and swipes,  
 No pals but a pack of old joskins a-sucking long church-  
 warden pipes!

5.

Oh! I see it as plain as Brown's boko! No lamps arter  
 dark, no gay shops,  
 No wheelk-stalls to light up the corners, no paper-boys,  
 cabbies, or cops;  
 Not a street-show or shindy to stir yer, not even the savoury  
 sniff  
 Of a sossage-and-ingun shop! Scissors! the thought makes  
 me feel all a-squiff!

6.

Call me Cockney, old chap, if you want to, or label me  
 "gutter-bred ead,"  
 As some sniffy old geesers are give to—though that aint  
*your* form, dear old lad—  
 But for Life good old London's a Eden no palm-spotted  
 parrydisce beats;  
 And if there's a Love lasts yer life out, that Love is the  
 Love of the Streets.

7.

You gave me a invite this season, I know, my dear boy.  
 Well, yer see  
 It's *this* way. The green tooral-looral's all right, bnt it  
 'ardly suits Me!  
 When you're well in the swim, my dear Charlie, 'along o' the  
 reglar *eleet*  
 You must do as they do, for a swell, like a Bobby, must  
 stick to his beat.





Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

8.

It's expected, old man, it's expected. Jest fancy me slinging  
my 'ook  
For old Turmutshire, going out nuttin', or bobbing for fish  
in a brook!  
Not *der wriggle*, dear boy, I assure you. Could stars of  
Mayfair be content  
To round upon Rome or the Riggi, and smug up in Surrey  
or Kent?

9.

No fear! Cherry orchards is pooty, and 'ops 'as admirers,  
no doubt;  
But it's only when sport is afoot as the country's worth  
fussin' about.  
Your toff likes the turmutts or stubbles when poultry is  
there to be shot,  
But corn-fields and cabbage-beds, Charlie? Way oh! that's  
all middle-class rot.

10.

There was a time, Charlie, I own it, when Richmond 'ud do  
me to rights.  
And a fortnight at Margit meant yum-yum to look for and  
dream on o' nights;  
I was innerecent then, a young geeser, too modest for this  
world, dear boy;  
Didn't know you'd to do wot was proper, and not what you  
think you'd enjoy.

11.

Ah! *Nobbles obliges*, old pardner, and great is the power of  
"form";  
Rads may rail at "the clarses" like ginger, but all on us  
likes to be "warm,"  
And rub shoulders with suckles more shiny. Wy, life's  
greatest pulls, dontcherknow,  
Are to look up to sparklers above us, and down on poor  
duffers below.

12.

'Ardly know wich is hummiest, swelp me! It's nuts to 'ook  
on to a swell,  
Like I did at a Primrose meet lately with sweet Lady Clare  
Caramel.  
When her sunshade shone red on my face, mate, me givin'  
my arm through the crush,  
Wy I felt like Mong Blong in the mornin', and looked like  
a bride, one big blush.

13.

Noddy Spriggins, *he* spotted me, Charlie,—him being left  
out in the cold,—  
And to see him sit down on his topper, and turn off as yaller  
as gold,  
Wos as good as a pantermime. Oh! If there's one thing  
more nicer than pic,  
It's to soar like a bird in the sight of the flats as can't git  
on the fly.





Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.

14.

But I'm wandering, Charlie, I'm wandering. 'Ooliday form  
is my text.  
Last year I done Jersey, old pal, and I 'ardly know where  
to go next.  
I should much like to try Monty Carlo, and 'ave a fair  
flutter for once,  
But I fear it won't run to it, pardner; my boss is the  
dashdest old dunce.

15.

Won't rise me to three quid a week, the old skinflint!  
Though travelling's cheap,  
It do seatter the stamps jest a few, if you don't care to go on  
the ereep.  
Roolette might jest set me up proper, but then dontelher-  
know, it might *not*,  
And I fear lest I'd come baek cleared out, if my luck didn't  
land me a pot.

16.

Oh, dash them spondulicks! The pieces is all as I wants  
for *my* 'elth.  
And then them darned Sosherlist jugginses 'owl till all's  
blue agin Wealth.  
It gives me the ditherums, Charlie; it do, dear old man,  
and no kid.  
Wy, they'd queer the best pitches in life, if they kiboshed  
the Power of the Quid!

17.

There's Venice again! I could start this next week with  
a couple o' pals;  
But yer gondoler's 'ardly my form, and I never wos nuts on  
canals.  
Waggles says *they're* not like the Grand Junction, as ereeps  
sewer-like through our parks;  
Well, Waggles may sniff; I'm not sure, up to now, mate, as  
Venice means larks.

18.

Well, there's lots on 'em left in old England, that's one thing  
and so, failing Rome,  
Wieh I fancy runs too much to ruins, perhaps I may try  
"Ome sweet 'Ome."  
Only fair to give England a charnee, and a patriot party  
like me  
Ought to paternize sometimes the "Right little, tight little  
Hisland." D'yer see?

19.

T're a 'orse and trot round the West End? Go a-boating  
at Sloshtown-on-Slime?  
With a party of proper 'uns, Charlie, the latter, with lotion,  
is prime.  
It's jest wonderful 'ow many people, and 'ow much rare fun  
you can pack  
Into one of them Sloshtown four-oar'd 'uns, with lots of good  
temper *and* naek.



20.

There's Margit. Some think  
it's too dressy, but lor!  
that's no hobject to *me*.

I 'old as a gent should jest  
dress *like* a gent, if he *is*  
by the sea.

My motter is, spot where  
you're landed, and tog  
up accordin', old man,  
But the gentleman always,  
my pippin. A dook  
couldn't better *that* plan.

21.

If I'm out in the 'Iglands, of  
course I go in for Glen-  
garry and checks.

A true Tam o' Shanter jest  
suits me; I've one of the  
nattiest necks,

Long and slim, and with  
plenty of happle; that  
sets off all speeches of 'at,

But you can't carry off a  
Scotch bonnet to rights if  
yer nape runs to fat.



Illustration from "Punch," by R. Caldecott.

22.

But if I look stylish right  
out it's in togs of the  
mountaineer sort,

With tight kieksies and knap-  
sack and crook. Then I'm  
ready for climbing *or* sport.

Ah Sport! A few 'ours with  
the rabbits, or day with  
the 'arriers aint bad;

Whether popping *or* pounding  
best suits me, I'm dashed  
if I know, dear old lad.

23.

'Unting blokes is a little bit  
'anghty, espeshly the 'mnts-  
men and such.

If you *do* make a bit of a slip  
they'll jest squeleh yer as  
near as a touch.

I *do* 'ate being snubbed by  
a lacky, or 'owled at by  
menyals and snobs;

And so—till I got my own  
gee-gee—the 'mnt's 'ardly  
one of *my* jobs.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.



24.

I do freeze on to Toffs—  
if they're haffable,  
whether in comp'ny or  
sport,  
But 'ang it, I can't stand  
the style of the silent  
and stare-me-down sort.  
They look hover yer, hun-  
der yer, through yer,  
but never quite *at* yer.  
It's rum.  
I've tried it myself, jest  
for fun, like, but some-  
how, dear boy, it won't  
come!

25.

I'm too much the true  
gent, I emagine. Some  
toffs can be awfully rude.  
One day, on a steamer I  
fortied, and *snored*. I  
wos tired but *not*  
screwed,



Illustration from "Punch," by J. P. Atkinson.

When I woke there was  
twenty a staring, while  
one wos a sketching my  
phiz;  
It wos beastly bad form—  
if you ask *me*, but they  
seemed to think it good  
biz.

26.

Well — Charlie, I can't  
quite determine 'ow  
outing's 'll foot it this  
year,  
Whether 'tis to be Margit  
and fizz, or Loo Smith,  
Hepping Forest and  
beer.  
With Loo and my new  
Concertina, in reglar  
Bank 'Oliday form,  
If worst comes to worst  
there'll be fun, and no  
doubt I shall weather  
the storm.

27.

No, I'm not on for Turmutshire, Charlie, not this time;  
and now you know why.  
Carn't yer jest turn the tables, old hoyster, and come for a  
bit of a fly?

Cut the chawbacons, run up to London, jine *me*, and we'll  
pal off to Parry;  
And if yer don't find it a 'Oliday Skylark, wy, never trust

'ARRY.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

## AT A FANCY FAIR.

♦♦



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

1.

**D**EAR CHARLIE,

You *must* cut the "turnnuts" and come up to Town, my dear boy, London's gettin' more lummy each day; there's sech oshuns to see and enjoy! And now you can mix with the toffs—regular toppers I mean—on the cheap, It's a sin to go wasting yer days amongst chawbacons, 'taters and sheep.

2.

If you'd only bin with me larst night! I was "in it," old man, and no kid, As a ehap of my form *can* be in it, if ready to blue arf a quid. 'Twas the "*Feet* of the Season," and 'Arry, I tell yer, old pal, was all there, With a claw-'ammer coat a *lar* Masher, stiff collar, and 'igh-scented 'air.

3.

You'll 'ave 'eard of the Fisheries, Charlie, the Kensington Show. Well, larst night, They'd a *Feet* in them Gardens, old fiek, as was some-think too awfully quite. Fairy Land not a patch on it, Charlie, —Cremorne reglar out of the run, For pootiness, Royal Princesses, swell yum-yum, and general fun.

4.

Ten bob and snap togs took me in, and I chummed with the very *elect*, Which, for wot I call "Haffable Mix," give *me* this 'Aughtykultooral *Feet*. 'Twas the Charity lay, doneherknow, and that covers a lot, as a rule, But the Fanciest Fair 'ave bin at to *this* little game was a fool.

5.

Real jam—in all senses, my boy, for the crush was a caution to snakes,— But the lights and the ladies—*sech* swells!—coloured lanterns, and magical lakes! "Jest like What ho!" a Countess remarked. Not quite fly to 'er, meaning. But lor! They've their slang, I suppose, these Big Bobs,—jest as *we* say, "I'll give yer wot for!"

6.

Lady Duffering—bully for her, mate!—a pootier parcel who'd wish?— 'Ad a Lucky Fish Pond—with no water—and charged us "a shilling a fish." And we hangled with meat-'ooks for toys, me and Wales—he's a brick—on the banks; Till I guess both our piles of loose silver 'ad gone in "all prizes, no blanks."

7.

Arter wick, being dry, I made straight for the *boaffy*, and wot do yer think? Well, I ain't took aback by a trifle, but, Scissors! it did make me blink. When I called for a cocktail, my pippin, I didn't precisely expek That the barmaid who ladled my lotion would be—Princess Mary of Teck!





Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.



8.

Arf-a-crown for the tippie was stiff, but  
*the feeling*, my boy, there's the  
 nick!

It wos wnth all the ochre, I tell yer. I  
 lordered another 'un quick.

Arter that mere Chineses came cheap,  
 though the Marquis Tséng serving  
 out tea

Was as funny as figgers on tea-chests;  
 but then, I'm not nuts on Bohea.

9.

Well, I can't tell you arf on it.  
 Charlie, time, paper, and memory  
 fails.

The rose-bud enclosed you will value,—  
 'twas bought orf the Princess of  
 Wales;

Which, if she's not the pick of the  
 basket,—But there, I don't wish to  
 intrude,—

There *are* some who're sech pure and  
 high-pitched 'ims, that even to *praise*  
 'em seems rude.



Illustration from "Punch," by John Leech.

10.

'Arry fancied hisself, I essure you, 'obnobbing along o' *sech*  
 Nobs;

As at home as a cat in a cream-shop. And wy not? They  
 pocket our bobs—

(*Cleared me* out to a tanner)—they wait on us, finding it  
 well wuth their while;

And there's many a barmaid in London more 'orty and  
 huppish in style.

11.

Fancy Fairs do me proper, old pal; they are barneys I don't  
 never miss,

When a peoty gal bites off the end of yer weed, it's as good  
 as a kiss.

I never feel nicerer, Charlie, nor part with my pieeces more  
 free,

Then when I'm where reglar swell gals take to shop in the  
 sperrit of spree.

12.

They shakes off the hiee so completely, the stand-offish stare  
 is chucked up;

They will smile in the face of a cad with the mug of a  
 tarrier pup,

As though they could love 'im for hever. Oh, Charity  
 is a fine thing;

And if life was one great Fancy Fair—*which it ain't*—'Arry'd  
 'ave a fair fling.

13.

When I set myself down on a chair, shiny 'at and crutch-  
 cane all O. K.,

And look round at the bevy of beauties all swarming like bees  
 round Bob Splay,

With cigars, button 'olers and baskets, all 'arter Bob's  
 bloomin' arf crowns.

Thinks I, it is tin or *no* tin, as makes all on us nobles or  
 clowns.

14.

Jest fancy that slope-shoulder'd snob, with his pale spotty  
 face and stiff collar,

Fair washupped by seven she-swells, at the price of a extry  
 arf-dollar!

Bob grins like a dashed Cheshire Cat as he fingers his  
 pockets with pride,

Oh, a regular boulder, is Bob, with no hend of cock-sure-  
 ness and side.

15.

But they don't seem to mind, not a mossel, the slim straight-  
 nosed Beauties, dear boy,

It's a sort of kick-over-the-traces, a thing as *all* females  
 enjoy;

Git tired of stiff swelldom, I fancy, prim ways of their ball-  
 rooms and parks,

And so cotton to daisies like hus as is fly to snide patter and  
 larks.



16.

They can read in our heyes wot *we* thinks on 'em; Swells  
do a china-blue stare  
With their goosberry goggles, and bow with a sort of  
hortommyton hair.

'Arry looks at 'em straight, as gals like to be looked at, a  
smile and a wink

Makes 'em blush, but you bet they won't round on you, not  
while they collar your chink!

So "Ow 'appy could I be with heether—or *both*!" I  
remarks with a smile.

They didn't *say* much, but their *looks* meant, "Oh 'Arry, I  
*do* like your style!"

19.

I could read 'em like print, I essure you. I kept 'em a bit,  
'anging round

For the cash, jest to give 'em a chance, and they thanked  
me, the dears, I'll be bound.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

17.

If a blue-blooded Beauty, with lips like red sealing wax,  
bites off the end

Of yer arf-crown 'Avannah, dear boy, she *must* treat yer, of  
course, *as a friend*,

And if you *should* call 'er "my dear," as you would to a  
barmaid, why lor!

She 'as far too much savvy to frown in the freeze-me-hup  
style as strikes hor.

18.

Two fair toppers in cream-coloured frocks 'elped yours truly  
to muffins and tea.

Thinks I, *I* won't show partiality; each on 'em tumbles to  
me;

Lor, they likes it, my pippin, they likes it. Yus, Charity  
covers a lot,

But 'aint *all* with yer Fancy Fair sirens, who're artful and  
up to wot's wot.

20.

So why should *we* chuck on the bashful! Seeh Haffable  
Mixes all round

Do dollops of good, my dear boy; and they suit *me* right  
down to the ground.

Splendid splurge, and no error, this *Feet*,—couldn't do the  
trick better in *Parry*,—

And a Duchess to draw him his bitter comes awfully yum-  
yum to

'ARRY.



## ON 'IGH LIFE.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

1.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I've jest bin a readin' the spiciest ease of the day,  
And as in your chawbacon parts you're as good as clean out  
of the play,

I send yer the papers by post. You will find it a proper  
old lush,  
Though they tips it so precious werbatim, it might make a  
mealy 'un blush.

2.

I don't often turn on the pink, and the rosy ain't much in  
your line,  
But them Hupper Ten Toffs, my dear boy, do appear to  
be flarin' it fine ;

I reelly don't see, barrin' tin, that they very  
much differ from hus,  
And the Brimstonites donbtless would say that,  
as Swells, they're if anythink, wus.

3.

Of course that's all copybook cant : life is not  
worth a cent without larks,  
Wich women and wine, my dear pal, have bin  
always the knowin' one's marks ;  
There is some does it under the rose, on the  
very extremest Q. T.,  
But as the Great Bouncee patly says in his song,  
"We all do it !" yer see.

4.

That's wot I call life ; true feelosophy, plain  
common sense, and no paint ;  
But Muggs, our top eard at the crib—you know  
Muggs—who's a bit of a saint,  
Swears Socierty's got a bad fit on, a sort of low  
Music-Hall fever.  
If *he* ain't a 'umbug at heart, may yours trnly  
be blowed tight for hever.

5.

He says that "the cynical swell and the low chuckling  
eal are jest twins,  
That the sniggering satyr who gloats o'er the tale of  
Society's sins,  
Is the loathsome growth of a time when our manhood and  
faith have run low,  
Whose heroic ideal's to perch on the top of the dunghill and  
crow."

6.

Don't tumble to all of his patter, or twig arf the drift of his  
lingo.  
He swears that a selfish fast fool is the stuff for your genuine  
Jingo,  
And holds it don't matter a toss if you finds it swell-togged  
at a Club,  
Or in seven-bob gridiron bags at the bar of a Hislington  
pub.



7.

Yahbah! Pious pap o’ that sort ain’t the grub for sech ’ot  
 ’uns as me.  
 In course yer don’t feed a Spring chieking on hoysters and  
 Soda and B.;  
 But men o’ the world, mate, like us, as is game for a lush  
 or a laugh,  
 Ain’t percisely the speeches of bird to be caught by sech  
 white-choker chaff.

9.

I don’t pan out on poets myself, they’re a specie as gives  
 me the ’ump,  
 But I’m told as the pick o’ that sort are not nuts on soft  
 pap and the pump.  
 Wine and Women’s their motter, I’ve heard, from Hanakreon  
 down to Tom Moore,  
 Billy Bolsover give me that tip, and he’s snide, though a bit  
 of a bore.

10.

A old tentmaking party  
 in Persia, he tells  
 me, one Omar Khay-  
 yam,

Says as Wine, Song,  
 and Women are yum-  
 yum, the rest is all  
 tubthumper’s flam.

Whether Bolsover’s kid-  
 ding yours truly’s a  
 question to wieh I  
 ain’t fly,

But if that’s poet  
 Omar’s opinion why  
 bully for Omar  
 sez I!

11.

He *did* know a thing  
 or two, Charlie, as  
 rhyme-fakers frequent  
 does *not*,

The kyind ’art versus  
 corrynet kibosh is  
 mostly their game,  
 and that’s rot.

The topsawyers take  
 off the cream of the  
 milkpan of life, my  
 dear boy;

There is only two hands  
 in life’s game, them  
 as labour, and them  
 as enjoy.

12.

They are “noble, and nood and antique,” Billy Bolsover  
 says, these she-swells,  
 Wot play up to the moony young mashers, and tog for the  
 ball-room like *belles*.  
 Means the bare-armed old mivvies you meet spread out pink  
 in a theatre stall,  
 Wieh the wonder with me, my dear Charlie, is wy they  
 put togs on at all.

8.

If a Toff has the run of the till and the gift to go in for  
 ’igh jinks,  
 Small blame to his ludship sez I, only wish I could nobble  
 the chinks.  
 Jest wouldn’t I go in a buster, and keep it hup mornin’ and  
 night,  
 With the pick of the lush and the ladies? Oh! wouldn’t I  
 just?—not a mite!



Illustration from “Punch,” by G. du Maurier.



13.

A steeple-mob'd ead, with a ehump on him jest like a sea-sick baboon,

If he only sports dimonds enough, will find pooty swell maidens to spoon.

At the Opera see 'ow old 'ags and bald buffers seem fair in the run!

Tisn't Beauty or Youth, my dear boy, it's the Ochre as gives yer the fun.

Don't it show 'ow the Classes are mixed when de Veres and de Vavvyseurs play

Before bookies and clerks, and gits bit on, and no one has nothink to say?

16.

It does a chap proud to observe 'ow his tastes and his notions agree

With those of the pals of a Prince in the matter of spoonin' or spree;



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

14.

Brain? Look at the moon-calfy mashers as prowl in Park Lane three by three,

At Humbrella and Cigarette drill! Are *they* clever, like you, mate, or me?

Wy a mush-melon pie is a king to 'em. But if you've pieces and style

You don't need a heart in yer breast nor a ha'porth of brains in yer tile.

15.

I went to a Tennis Match, Charlie. Set-to between two topping gals.

"Go it 'Arriet!" I shouts, "Wire in Emly!" Oh, *we* cheered 'em, me and my pals.

And, since ladies of title seem game as young shop-gals for liquor and larks,

I should like to go in for blue blood, and 'ang out near the Clubs and the Parks.

17.

So I'm nuts on these tales of 'igh life as comes out in the Court of Divorce,

Where sometimes, when they bile it *too* 'ot, even swells come a cropper, in course;

But they don't seem stuck-up in their sprees, and *that* beats any sermon a sight,

For "breaking down barriers, and droring the bonds of Society tight."



18.

This may be a "cynical" time, but it suits *me* right down to the ground :

*We* was never so well to the front or so thoroughly "in it" all round,

In politics, morals, and manners, our "form" must be surely O. K.

Since it's that of the very front rows of the toppingest toffs of the day.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

19.

So Charlie, old chum-my, let's 'ope as this "Musie-Hall fever" may last,

And the different classes be jined in their love of the spiey and fast ;

What a bloomin' Millenyum, hay ? Which I trust as its adwent mayn't tarry.

Meanwhile *I* mean mixin' it 'ot, and no error.

Yours spiffishly,

'ARRY.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.



## ON 'IGH ART.



Illustration from “Punch,” by J. P. Atkinson.

1.

DEAR CHARLIE,

The picters you sent me wos proper—my style to a touch.

I've had 'em hung up in my den, and my pals like the style of 'em much.

That gal in Turk togs is a screamer. Wot eyes! and her figger!—well there!

She's as spiey as them there Swell photos, as set arf the town on the stare.

2.

That's Art, my dear boy, and no gammon; but lots as now goes by that name

Is no better than riddles to me, and I'm blowed if I'm fly to its game.

“Wot of that, festive bloater?” sez you. “’Taint the sort for *your* kidney, old pal.”

Right you are, but I've bin in it lately, wus luck, all along of a gal.

3.

She's a kind of a sort of third cousin, in town on a visit to dad:

So I've had to come the star-walker. She 'as got the rummiest fad;

Exhibitions and galleries and that is *her* mark. Jest emagine, old man!

Stone images, picters, engravings, and sech like artistic cold scran!

4.

The things that I've seen this last fortnit! I 'ate exhibitions like sin;

Yawn-shops every one; but then Loo has prime eyes, and her guv'nor has tin.

And so I've bin doing the rounds, and, though I mayn't be much of a jidge,

Seems to me, for a chap up to snuff, your 'Igh Art is jest out-and-ont fudge.

5.

Elevating the masses be blowed! Wot's the good of your blooming Anteck?

A lot of old scarecrows in blankets, barefooted, and big in the beak.

I would rather a jolly long shot see the *poses* or Madame Twoswords,

And I ventured to say so to Loo, who declared she was shocked at my words.

6.

Stone gals ain't my mark, not a mite; only fit to stick up in the squares,

Or 'old lamps in a Music-'All lobby. The stone-chippers give themselves airs;

But sandals, and swords, and rum togs, all atwist and chucked on anyhow,

Though they might have been nuts to the Greeks, ain't the right sort of thing for us now.

7.

Sech togs are a floorer to *me*. I asked Loo how *she'd* cotton to wear

A rig-out like Venus or Physic, or some sech a name as that 'ere:

(Loo rhymes it to Crikey, I fancy. Ain't Sikey a neat sort o' name?)

Of course she just sniffed and shut up, but it nailed her, old man, all the same.

8.

I like limbs as *is* limbs, my dear Charlie, and faces as ain't got the chalks;

A fig for your Classical attitoods, wobbles, and slommocking walks!

Slantindicular saints on the goggle, and mooncy young women in grey,

With their muslins all twisted tight round 'em don't elevate *me*, I must say.





Illustration from “Punch,” by G. du Maurier.

9.

Loo says I’m a reglar Philistian ; I fancy she means that for chaff.

Goliah wos of the Chang inches, and *I* ain’t five foot and a half,

But if he preferred the “Perlice News” to pieters of gals in a faint,

Set *me* down as a pal for Goliah in that respect, blowed if I ain’t.

10.

When I see them old fogies in marble, I think wot a lark it ’ud be

To paint ’em sky-blue, or dab on a merstarch, on the strietest Q. T.

You remember the spree we once ’ad, when they showed us some blooming old Greek,

’Ow I waited till no one was looking, and just chipped *my* name on his cheek !

11.

Down-east, Bethnal Green way, they tell me, the parsons and painters combine

To pal off High Art and Low Life. It’s a blend as I beg to decline.

Even Loo couldn’t tempt me to give up a Sunday to Mister Burne-Jones,

Seen’ ’ow as yours truly ain’t partial to goggles and chunky cheek bones.

12.

Low Life don’t *want* lifting, old oyster, leastways, Charlie, not in the lump.

Your philanterpist bleats out *that* bunkum, but then he is mostly a pump.

Take the ’ouses in London, my pippin, and “lift” all *their* basements aloft.

Wouldn’t Babbylon be wrong hend uppard. Yer Sosherlist *must* be a soft.

13.

There *must* be some bottom rows, Charlie, or where would the top rows come in ?

This yer levelling talk ’s all shenanigan, slopwash, a shame and a sin !

If the topsawyers don’t put the squeleh on philanterpist pap pooty soon

There will be such a all-fired bust-up the big-wigs ’ll be blowed to the moon.

14.

Give the bottom-rows ’bacey and beer, there’s no ’arm, not pertickler, in that,

Keeps ’em cool and contented-like, Charlie. A workman well lashed shies his ’at

For the Queen and the Br’ish Constitooshun ! But men like that Morris, old friend,

Mix ’Igh Art and Sosherlist kibosh,—and *that* ’s a dashed dangerous blend !



15.

The "Perlice News"  
gives pieters enough  
for the East-Ender,  
you take my tip;

Jack the Ripper don't  
smash Law and  
Horder, although he  
may give 'em the slip.

Whilst the Working  
Men patter in pubs  
about Jack, over lash-  
ings o' lush,

Burns and Mamm may  
bow-wow as they like,  
Labour won't take the  
Land with a rush.

16.

But Greck gods on  
the scoot arter sea-  
nymphs, and seeh  
paregorical fudge,

Fogs Bethnal Green  
brains and Bow hin-  
tellect, leastways if  
I'm any judge.



H. Furniss

(Illustration from "Punch.")

But nashernalizing the  
land, mate, or any-  
think else as means  
"nick,"

Low artfulness linked  
with 'Igh Art,—ah!  
they freeze onto that  
mighty quick!

17.

See the slopperty swells  
dawdling round at  
the Burlington all on  
the sprawl,

Or see me on the grin,  
Bethnal Green way,  
along o' some smudge  
on the wall;

See old mivvies with  
prog-baskets prowling  
about a South Ken-  
sington room,

And you'll see as 'Igh  
Art jest means bore-  
dom as 'umbuggin'  
prigs tries to "boom."



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.





Illustration from "Punch," by C. du Maurier.

18.

Do girls care for that Venus of Milo, or swells for that  
'eadless Ilyssus?  
No more, if they'd only own hup, than the poor Working  
Man and 'is missus!  
Loo did try to gammon  
me, straight, but she  
sometimes yawned—  
into the fur

Of her muff, Charlie, on  
the Q. T., and I think  
'Arry Scheffer bored  
her!

19.

I remember when Japan-  
ese fans and umbrel-  
las was sold in the  
street,

I came out as a cheap  
Intense Swell. Ah!  
it stirred up the  
street-boys a treat,

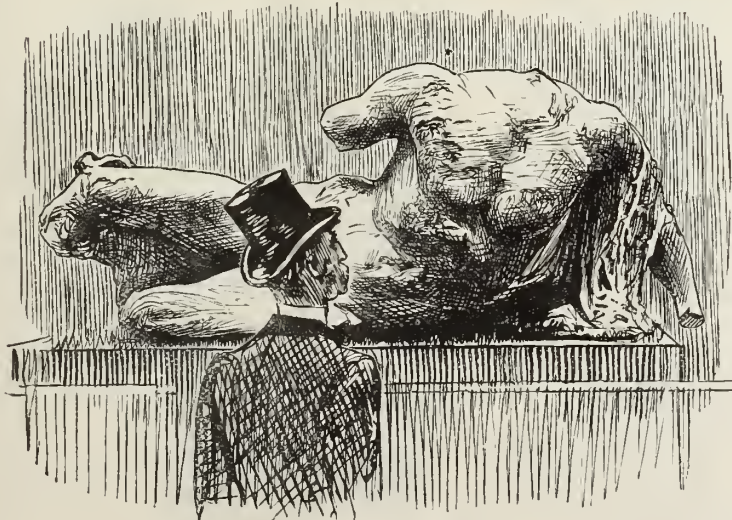


Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

And was all very well for a lark; and "Igh" Art for the  
Mob's much the same.  
Toynbee Hallers are mnts on the notion, but there ain't  
no *stay* in that game.

20.

The masses won't get  
"elevation" from  
things as they don't  
understand.

Wot *we* want in a pieter  
is flavour and "fetch,"  
and yours give it me  
grand.

Loo may talk, but the  
whole 'Gassie lot ain't  
worth one of your  
screamers from *Parry*.

And there's heaps of the  
same way of thinking  
as

Yours obligatedly,

'ARRY.



## ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.



Illustration from "Punch," by H. Furniss.

1.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I've bin to a lecture! Now lectures, you know, ain't *my* mark;  
Too slow and dry sawdusty mostly, but this was a bit of a lark.

Woman's Rights and that moonshine, my pippin.  
Thinks I, "There's a barney on here,"  
And whenever there's hens on the crow, 'Arry's good for a hinnings,—no fear!

2.

Needn't tell you *my* views on the subject. The petticoats want keepin' down,  
Like niggers and Radicals, Charlie; but spouters in bonnet and gown,  
While *they* haven't got votes, are amusing. They can reel it off and no kid,  
Though I hold their right line is to marry, bile taters, and do as they're bid.

3.

Oh, I'd suffrige 'em! Slap agin Nature, yer know, wrong end huppards, in short.  
To a man as is really a man it's disgustin'! But, looked at as sport,  
This yere Shrieking Sisterhood lay ain't 'arf bad: though the duffers down there  
Who voted 'em *right*—ten to one!—made it 'ardish to keep on one's 'air.

4.

They called it a Liberal Club, sort of cellar-like hunder-ground den,  
With two hundred cheap cane-bottomed chairs, and three fidgety-looking young men—  
That's all when I hentered—a-shifting the seats and the platform about,  
Till the people began to pour in, when the three looked alarmed, and poured out.

5.

But they toddled back arter a bit with a curly old joker in tow,  
And the three Woman's Rightists, in bonnets, who perched on a form in a row,  
Like three fowls on a fence; and Old Ringlets, who looked like a bantam in breeks,  
Tipped the mag with as much bellows-blowing as though he'd *two* tongues in his cheeks.



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.





Illustration from “Punch,” by G. du Maurier.

6.

Cheek? Bath chaps ain't  
in it, my pippin! I  
gave him chy-like once or  
twice,  
But he napped me as sharp  
as a needle, and all the  
room roared, which warn't  
nice;  
And the fidgety three sung  
out “Horder!” as though  
they meant “hices or  
stout!”  
And a rum little ginger cove  
heyed me as if he'd a liked  
me chucked hout.

7.

Then the birds on the fence  
fluttered down one by  
one, and each cackled  
'er bit.  
I am not nuts on argy-  
ment,—fogs me. They  
spun it off slick, I  
admit;



Illustration from “Punch,” by J. P. Atkinson.

Women's votes wos to be  
like 'op bitters, and put  
us all square like a  
shot.

Didn't understand 'arf  
what they said, but of  
course it was all bloom-  
ing rot.

8.

Wy, we can't keep the  
run on 'em now! Wot  
with ink-slinging, hart,  
and all that,  
They're a-besting us fast,  
my dear boy; wus than  
Germans. Yes, *that's*  
“where's the cat.”

And now they're conni-  
vering round arter  
votes, I sez “Wide-  
oh's” the word,  
Or us men won't be in it  
at all, and I arsk yer  
if *that* ain't absurd!



9.

Oh, they're regular scorchers, these women, when fair on the  
job, don't yer know.

There was one or two chaps in the meeting as did 'ave a bit  
of a go,—

Tried the lofty pooh-pooh, but lor' bless yer, them feminines  
chopped 'em up fine,

And old Corkscrews he chaffed 'em no end, and the honly  
fair "brayvo!" was mine.

10.

Little Ginger kep fussing with papers, and dodging all over  
the shop,

And a fierce-looking party, all elbows, was likeways a deal  
on the 'op.

But the ladies was easy as mittens, and put it that mealy  
and mild,

That I felt I should jest like to smash 'em, but couldn't.  
It *did* make me wild.

11.

Talk of justice, and petticoat cultcher, and trainin' up  
women o' sense?

Bosh! The fillies are tired of the paddock, and mean  
popping over the fence.

That's the size of it, Charlie, old man, and they show so  
much mettle and paece,

We must keep 'em well 'andicapped down, or I'm blowed if  
they mayn't land the race!

12.

Made me mad to see *fellers* a-backing 'em; one in pertickler  
I saw,

A sewere-looking bloke, with a beak and black 'air, like a  
genteel jackdaw,

Woman's Rightist right down to his boots, and he limbed  
little Ginger like fun,

'Cos *he* didn't appear quite so sound on the goose as he  
ought to ha' done.

13.

No, this lot didn't shrick or wear gig-lamps; but jest you  
emagine a wife

As could argue your 'ead off like they could! It adds a  
new 'error to life!

Two of 'em *was* Missises too! Well, If ever I'm tempted to  
marry,

'Tain't no Woman's Rightist, you bet, as will nobble

Yours faithfully,

'ARRY.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.



## AT THE SEA-SIDE.



Illustration from “Punch,” by G. du Maurier.

1.

DEAR CHARLIE,

’Ow are you, old oyster? *I’m doin’ the briny,*  
dear boy;  
Got my usual fortnit, yer know, as *I makes it a pint to*  
enjoy,  
Things is quisky at ’ome, and they pressed me to chuck up  
my annual spree,  
And stand by to look arter the mater who’s down with  
rheumatics. Not me!

2.

Relations are that bloomin’ selfish it fair gives a feller the  
siek.  
I’m jest tidy myself, flush of tin, with no end of a thunderin’  
“pick,”  
And now I’ve a chance of a outing to keep myself up to the  
mark,  
I’m to stay in the doldrums at ’ome! It’s *too* much of  
a screamin’ old lark.

3.

No, Charlie, boy, self-preservation’s the fust law of Nature,  
yer know;  
So I jest slung my ’ook like a shot and came here for a bite  
and a blow,

I’m as red as a bloomin’ tomarker already, and  
talk about stodge!

Jest you ask the old mivvey as eaters for me at  
the erib where I lodge.

4.

Number Seventeen, Paragon Place, is my diggings,  
mate, floor Number Three,  
From the right ’and bow-winder’s off-corner you  
ketch a side-squint of the sea.  
White stucco and hemerald sun-blinds, trailed up  
with a fine “Glory” rose,  
And a slavey as pooty as pie, if it weren’t for the  
smuts on her nose.

5.

Oh, I’m up to the knocker, I tell yer; fresh ’errins  
for breakfast, old pal,  
Bottled beer by the bucket, prime ’bacea, and oh,  
sueh a serumptious young gal!  
Pieked ’er up on the pier, mate, permiskus, last  
Wensday as ever wos. Whew!  
She would take the shine out of some sereamers,  
I tell yer, my pippin, would Loo.

6.

Dropped ’er ’at at the feet of yours, truly, and ’Arry, of  
course, was all there.  
Her ’airpins went flyin’! Thinks I, that’s a jolly fine sarmple  
of ’air;  
As black as my boots, and as shiny, and oh! seeh a ’eavenly  
smell.  
“’Ello! Miss,” sez I, “while you’re ’andy, there’s no need  
for Mister Rimmel.”

7.

That nicked ’er, my nibs. It’s the patter as does it, of  
course *with* good looks;  
Gals do like a chap as can gab, as you’ll find by them  
Libery books.  
Take Weeder, my boy, or Miss Broughton; you’ll see if a  
feller would tackle  
A feminine fair up to dick, he ’as got to be dabs at the  
caekle.

8.

And that’s where *I* seore, my dear Charlie. Lor bless yer,  
in ’arf an ’our more,  
Me and Loo was as eesy as eousins, tucked up in a nook on  
the shore.  
Gives yer ’oliday outing a flavioir, the feminine element  
do,  
Although, *ontry noo*, dear old pal, it’s a tidy stiff drain on  
yer “screw.”



9.

'Owsomever, flare up and blow “exes” is always my motter, yer see :  
And I never minds bluing the pieces purwided I gets a good spree ;  
Wich is jest wot I'm 'aving at present. You'll say, at this pint, I expect,  
“ 'Arry's doing the Toff as per usual.” To which, mate, I answers, “ *Ker-rect !*”

10.

Loo *can* do the lydy, I tell yer, and ang me she *do* know a gent ;  
Sez she spotted me fust day I landed, and knew by my boots *and* my scent,  
I was none of yer tup'ny houtsiders, with whom *she* 'as never no truck.  
You should jest see her toss 'er black ringlets ! Fair dotes on me ; isn't it luck ?

11.

She's a stoodent of Life, too, my Loo is. She sez, “ 'Arry, dear, jest look 'ere.  
Here's a picture by Leech ; sea-side fashions, eighteen fifty eight is the year ;  
Look at them zebra stripes, simply ojus ! and then, 'Arry, jest look at *you*.  
That 'll show 'ow our tastes is improving !” And 'ang it, old pal, ain't it true ?

12.

That's me in plaid dittos and rounder, a-talking to Billy Bolair,  
As I met on the pier ; natty cove, a bit 'Ebrew in boko and 'air,  
But compare 'im with Leech's young Zebra, or 'im with the peg tops and pipe,  
With 'is 'hand on the neck of that 'ack ! No, thank 'eavens, we're not of *that* stripe !

13.

I did meet a pal on the pier as hobjected to taking my arm,  
But I scored off him neatly, I reckon, and laughed when he took it up warm,  
And I see him took down by the nigger most 'appy the very next day,  
And if me and Loo didn't chi-ike 'im—well, then there ain't nothink to pay !

14.

Socierty's right, my dear Charlie,—Socierty always is right,—  
Gladstone's gab about “masses and classes” is all tommy rot and sour spite.  
There is only one class worth consid'rin', and that is the reglar *first*-class ;  
And the chap as don't try to get into it—well, he is simply a ass.



Illustration from “Punch,” by John Leech.





Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

15.

Socierty sez, "When  
the Season is  
hover, slide off to  
the Sea!

It's *the* place for a fair  
autumn barney."  
And shall I dispute  
it? Not me.

'Arry knows his tip  
better than that,  
Sir. Your juggins  
may 'ave 'is own  
whim

About bicycling, boat-  
ing, or wot not; I  
mean bein' well in  
the swim.

16.

Lor, it warns a  
cove's heart dont-  
cherknow, put his  
sperrits right slap  
on the rise,

Wen the Niggers are  
dancing a break-  
down or singing  
"Two Lovely  
Black Eyes."



Illustration from "Punch," by John Leech.

To see lardy Toffs  
and swell ladies,  
and smart little  
gals with no fuss.

'Anging round on  
the listen and  
snigger as though  
they wos each one  
of *hus*.

17.

They likes it, my  
lad, yus they likes  
it, the Music Hall  
patter and slang.

Yet some jugginses  
kick at *my* lingo  
as *vulgar*! Oh, let  
'em go 'ang.

Take a run, Mister  
Mealymouthed  
Critic, go home  
and eat coke, poor  
old man.

All Toffs as *is* Toffs  
share my tastes:  
we are built on the  
very same plan.





Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.



18.

Wots the hodd's if yer rides in a kerredge, or drives in a double-orse drag,  
With a 'orn and a loud concertena and lots o' prime prog in the bag?  
It is only a question of ochre, the principle's ditto all round.  
It is larks by the Sea we all seek, and they suits us all down to the ground.

19.

But now, I am off to the Pier, Charlie. Boat's coming in from Boolong,  
And I wouldn't miss that not for nothink. The wind blows a little bit strong,  
And there's bound to be lots on 'em quisby, some regular goners, dessay;  
And it *is* sech a lark to ehi-ike them, the best bit o' fun of the day.

20.

Old jokers in sealskin caps, Charlie, drawn over their poor blue old ears,  
Poety gals with complexions like paste-pots, old mivvies gone green with the queers;  
Little toffs with their billycocks raked, jest to swagger it off like yer know,  
But with hopties like badly-biled wheelks. Oh, I tell yer it's all a prime show.

21.

Larf, Charlie! It bangs Arthur Roberts, and makes a chap bloomin' nigh bust.  
I must take a 'am sanwich to munch. Wen a cove ketches sight on it fust,  
And I sings out, "Hi! who'll 'ave a fat 'un?" to see that bloke shudder and shrink,  
And go gooseberry green in the gills, is *too* lovely, mate. Wot do *you* think?

22.

And all this, with the larks on the sands, niggers, spotting the bathers,—that's spiff!—  
Sails round, going bobbing for whiting, and singing at night on the cliff,  
Not to mention rides out, as per posters, and quiet flirtations with Loo,  
I was quietly asked to ehuek up 'long o' Mother's rheumatics! Yah boo!

23.

'Arry's not sech a mug, I essure you. Sweet Home is dashed fiddlededee.  
*I'm* not nuts on yer dabby domestic, it spiles a smart chap for a spree.  
Only sorry my time's nearly hup; but, as fur as the ochre will carry,  
Do the briny with swells *like* a swell, is the tip of  
Yours scrumptiously, 'ARRY.



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.



## 'ARRY'S OUTINGS.

## 1. ON THE RIVER.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

1.

**D**EAR CHARLIE,

'Ot weather at last!

What a bloomin' old slusher  
it's bin,This season! But now it do look  
as though Summer was goin'  
to begin.Up to now it's bin muck and no  
error, fit only for fishes and  
frogs,And has not give a chap arf a  
chance like of sporting 'is  
'oliday togs.

2.

Seeh a sweet thing in mustard and  
pink, quite *reshershay* I tell  
you, old man.Two quid's pooty stiff, but a buster  
and blow the expense is my  
plan;With a stror 'at and *juggeree*,  
Charlie, low shoes and new  
mulberry gloves,If I didn't jest fetch our two gals,  
it's a pity;—and wasn't they  
loves?

3.

We'd three chaps in the boat besides  
me, jest a nice little party of  
six,But they didn't get arf a look in  
'long o' me; they'd no form,  
them two sticks.If you'd seen me a settin' and  
steerin' with one o' the shes on  
each side,You'd a thought me a Turk in  
check ditters, and looked on  
your 'Arry with pride.





Illustration from “Punch,” by A. C. Corbould.

4.

Wy, we see a swell boat with three ladies, seeh rippers, in  
crewel and buff,  
(If I pulled arf a 'our in their style it 'ud be a bit more than  
enough)  
Well, I tipped 'em a wink as we passed and sez, “Go it, my  
beanties! Well done!”  
And, oh lor! if you'd twigged 'em blush up you'd a seen 'ow  
they relished the fun.

5.

I'm dead filberts, my boy, on the river, it ain't to be beat  
for a lark,  
And the gals as goes boating, and punting, is jest about  
“’Arry, his mark.”  
If you want a good stare, you can always run into 'em—  
accident quite!  
And they can't charge yer nothink for looking, nor put you  
in quod for the fright.

6.

Pooty gals *do* look prime in a boat, either pulling or doing  
a flop.  
I see two making sails of their skirts, and I tell you they  
made that skiff 'op.

Oh, I think that to lounge in the stern, with yer pipe, while  
two petticoats pull,  
Is about as near 'eaven as don't matter,—pervided the  
beer-bottle's full.

7.

Lazy isn't the word, my dear pardner, it's simply volupshus,  
it is.  
As to tiring the pets, wy, they like it; they know it is very  
good biz.  
They washup us, Charlie, they washup us, come like a bird  
to our nods,  
And wait on us, with labour *or* liquor, as 'Ebe did once  
on the gods.

8.

Same thing, in a manner of speaking; a chap *is* a god to a  
gal;  
And they know if they want to look fetching, or show off a  
foot or fal-lal,  
If they git you tucked up on the cushions, whilst they sit  
before you and seull,  
And yet they can't 'ook you, and land you, their tackle  
*must* be a fair mull.



9.

The backwater bizness is proper, old pal, for a skulk or a spoon,  
Or to tum-tum yer banjo a bit if the ladies is game for a toon;  
Only jest you ware swan's nests my pippin. We dropped  
upon one; narrer squeak,  
The birds walloped us so with their wings that my biceps  
wos sore for a week.

10.

'Ow we chivied the couples a-spoonin', and bannicked old  
fishermen's swims,  
And put in a Tommy Dodd Chorus to Methodys practisin'  
hymns!  
Then we pic-nic'd at last on the lawn of a water-side willa.  
Oh my!  
When the swells sees our bottles and bits, I've a notion  
some language 'll fly.

11.

It was on the Q. T., in a nook snugged away in a lot of old  
trees,  
I sat on a bust of Appoller, with one of the gurls on my  
knees!  
Cheek, eh? Well the fam'ly was out and the servants  
asleep, I suppose;  
For they didn't 'ear even our roar, when I clipped orf the  
himage's nose.

12.

We'd soon emptied our three-gallon bottle, and Tommy he  
pulled a bit wild,  
And we blundered slap into a skiff, and wos jolly near  
drownding a child.  
Of course we bunked off in the scurry, and showed 'em a  
clean pair o' legs,  
Pullin' up at a waterside inn where we went in for fried 'am  
and eggs.

13.

We kep that 'ere pub all-alive-ho, I tell yer, with song and  
with chorus,  
To the orful disgust of some prigs as wos progging two  
tables afore us.  
I do 'ate your hushabye sort-like, as puts on the fie-fie at  
noise.  
'Ow on earth can yer spree without shindy? It's jest wot a  
feller enjoys.

14.

Quaker-meetings be jiggered, I say; if you're 'appy, my boy,  
give it tongue.  
I tell yer we roused 'em a few, coming 'ome, with the comics  
we sung.  
Hencoring a prime 'un, I somehow forgot to steer straight,  
and we fouled  
The last 'cat of a race—such a lark! Oh, good lor, 'ow they  
chi-iked and 'owled.

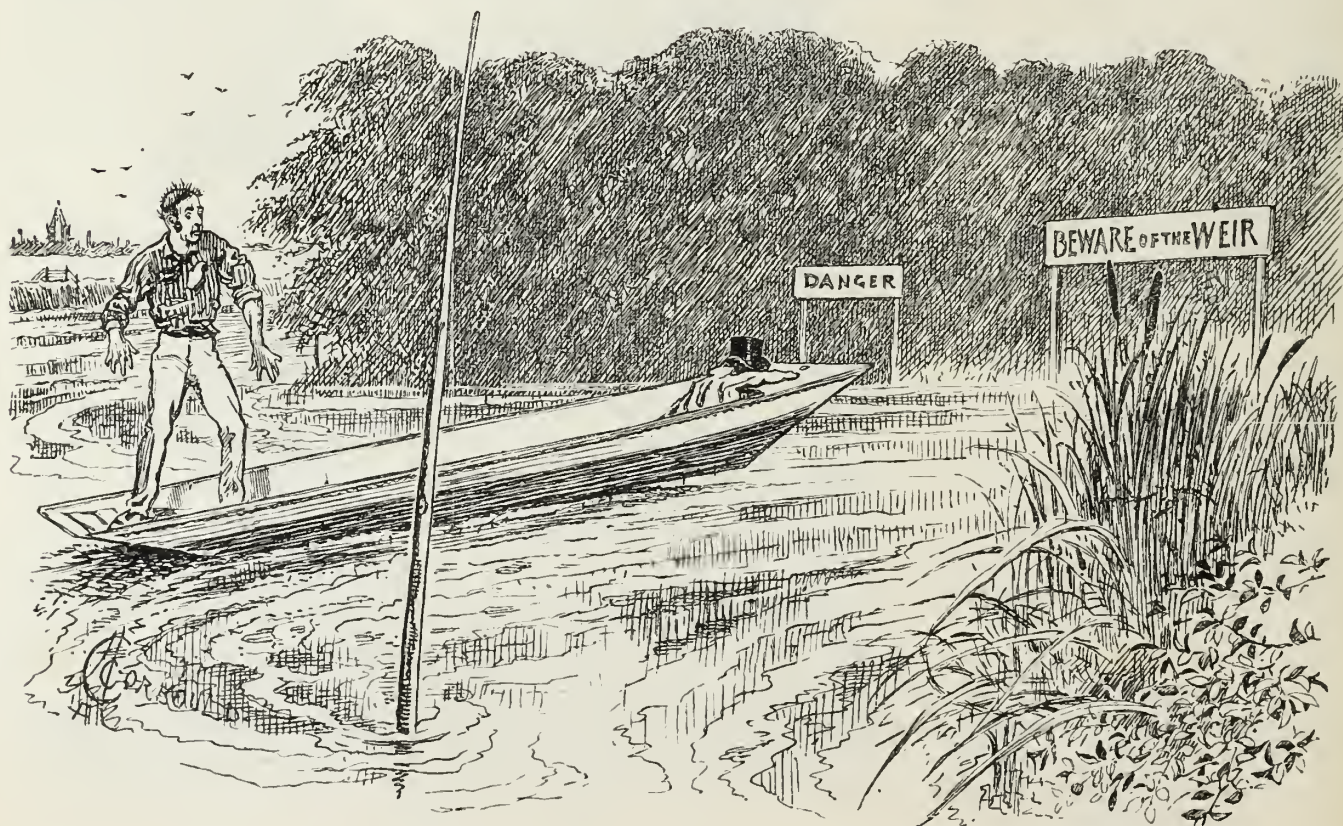


Illustration from "Punch," by A. C. Corbould.





Illustration from "Punch," by John Leech.

15.

There was honly one slight *country-tong*. Tommy Blogg, who's a bit of a lass,  
Tried to splash a smart pair of swell "Spoons" by some willers we 'appened  
to pass;

And the Toff ketchted the blade of Tom's scull, draggd 'im elose, and jest  
lauded 'im *one*!

Arter which Master Tom mussed his eye up, and seemed rayther out of the fun.

16.

Sez the Toff, "You're the pests of the river, you Cads!" Well, I didn't reply,  
'Cos yer see before gals, it ain't nice when a feller naps one in the eye;

But it's all bloommin' nonsense, my boy! It he'd only jest give *me* a look,  
He'd a seen that *my* form was O. K., as I fancy ain't easy mistook.

17.

Besides, I suppose as the river is free to all sorts, 'igh and low.  
That I'm sweet on true Swells you're awcer, but for struck-ups I don't care a  
blow.

We'd a rare rorty time of it, Charlie, and as for that younger gurl, Carry,  
I'll eat my old boots if she isn't dead gone on

Yours bloomingly,  
'A R R Y.



## 2. ON THE ROAD.

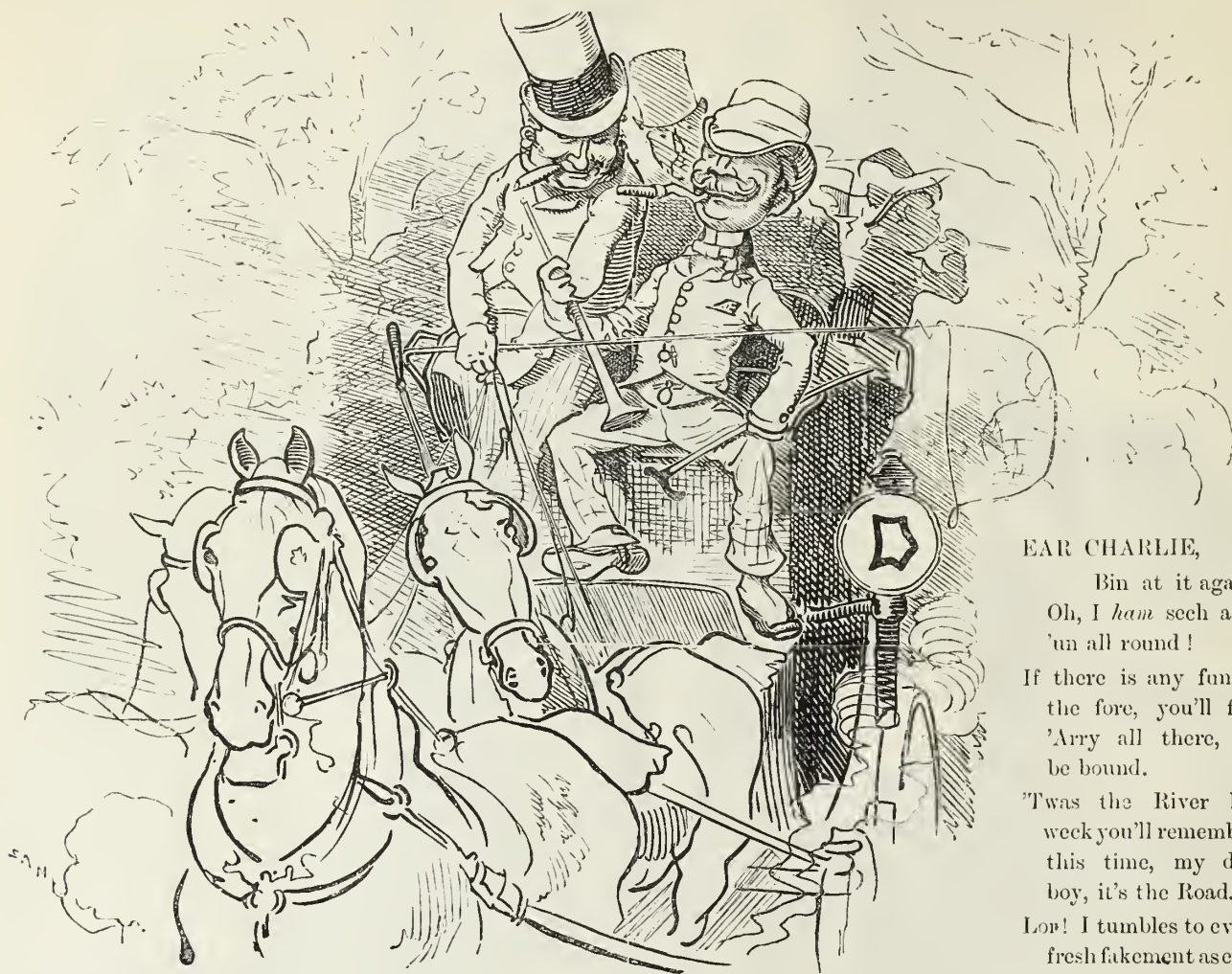


Illustration from "Punch," by L. Sambourne.

EAR CHARLIE,

Bin at it again.

Oh, I *ham* sech a 'ot  
'un all round !

If there is any fun to  
the fore, you'll find  
'Arry all there, I'll  
be bound.

'Twas the River last  
week you'll remember;  
this time, my dear  
boy, it's the Road.

Lor! I tumbles to every  
fresh fakement aseasy  
as go and be blowed.

2.

'Twas a bit of a bean-feast, yer see, and our lot tooled it down  
in a drag.

Four-in-hands is the fashion jest now with the pick of  
Society's bag.

Our toffs has bin took with a taste to turn hammytoor  
Jarvies—run fad !—

And a meet of the C. C.'s a pieter as swell as can easy be  
'ad.

3.

I often trots down to the Park for a twig when they muster,  
my boy.

Sech toppers a-tooling sech teams is a thing every Gent  
must enjoy.

And then the fine females ! Oh, Charlie, a Marcherness  
mounting the box

Is a 'eavenly sight, and no error, to blokes as ain't Radical  
blocks.

4.

We wasn't quite up to *that* form, but *we* 'ad a most nobby  
turn-out ;

Sech cattle, my pippin !—four Greys ; and our Whip, though  
a little bit stout,

Wos as clever a card as you'd drop on, he 'andled the rib-  
bings to rights,

And to see him negotiate corners was one of the loveliest  
sights.

5.

I know a good 'oss when I see one ; it isn't for nothing, old  
clump,

As I've parted so free to the coachies, and artfully put on  
the pump.

Lor, the wrinkles and tips I 'ave landed a-bussing it to and  
from town !

Though them tuppenny smokes do run up when one's funds  
is a little run down.



6.

Bus-drivers is nuts on havanners and partial to goes of rum 'ot;

But it's wuth it, my boy, yus, it's wuth it, to know to a mossel wot's wot.

There's few of the pints of smart eattle but wot I am fly to at once,

And a Briton as ain't a bit 'ossy I holds is a mug and a dunce.

7.

I 'ad the box-seat, mate, oh, trust me! I squared that like pie with our Whip,

Which he gave me the tip eonfidential-like over our very fast nip,

Says he, “You're like B. and M.'s Matches—you *strikes* on the *box*, Mate, you do.”

And he gives a slight crook with his elber, and doubled hisself nigh in two.

8.

That's a way as most eeachies 'ave got, you might think they wos took pooty bad;

But it's merely purfessional, Charlie. Oh! wosn't them other chaps mad

When they twigged 'ow he spotted yours truly? He give me the ribbings to 'old,

While Tom Blogg, who declares he drives tandem, wos simply left out in the cold.

9.

Then the 'orn-tootling, Charlie! Oh, scissors!

jest didn't we give 'em tantivy?

To the wrath and disgust, I'll lay tup-penee, of many a drowsy old mivvey.

We all 'ad a turn coming 'ome, and the grunt-ings, the wheezings, and shrieks,

Must 'ave given the road such a rouser it won't be forgotten for weeks.

10.

Row? Noosanee? Oh, nonsense! Wot's that to a chap when he's out for a game?

I 'ave knowed most respectable buffers to do the hidential same.

Wy, I spotted a lot of old gents tooling 'ome t'other night from the “Ship,”

And a-busting their cheeks in a style as seemed nuts to their smart-looking Whip.

11.

Ours said I'd a lip, and no error. I know it got thnundering sore.

Coach-'orns is a little bit brassy, and orkurdly small in the bore.

But cave in and eut it? Not me! No, I jest blew away like old boots,

While the driver, my mouth being busy, obligingly blew my cheroots.

12.

Tommy swore he was kidding me proper—*me*, Charlie! I like the idear.

But two 'ours of continual bellows do make a chap dizzy and queer.

Leastways I suppose it wos that as perdooced sech a runny effect,

That at last things got rayther mixed up, and the finish I can't recollect.

13.

But I know that it came on to rain, and next morning I woke looking pale,

With a lump on my lip, and my face all streaked green with the dye from my veil.

There wos six cigar-ends in my pocket—don't fancy *I* smoked quite so many—

Two corks, and a big white bone button, a threepenny-bit, and a penny.

14.

I started that day with two quid: so it piled pooty stiffish, dear boy.

Still I 'old with the Four-in-Hand Clubbers that Coaching's the sport to enjoy.

It's fun and good form all in one like, and when sech top-ropes yer can carry,

Who cares if it does eome expensive? Not

Yours

Everlastingly

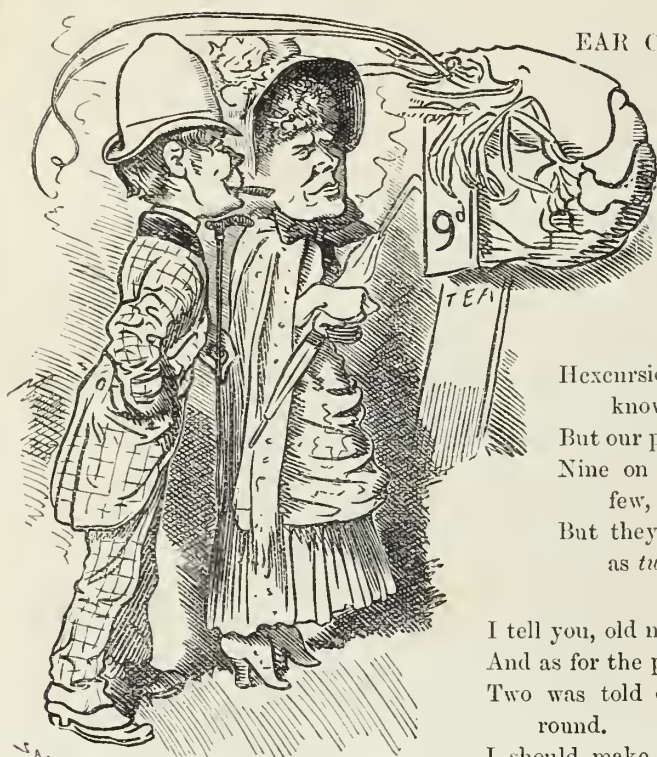
'ARRY.



Illustration from “Punch,” by G. du Maurier.



## 3. ON THE RAIL.



SAMBSTONE (Illustration from “Punch.”)

EAR CHARLIE,

Still keeping the game up! I likes a good slog while I'm in.

Life's jest like a shetlecock, Charlie, wuth nothink when not on the spin.

The River and Road I 'ave done, as you know, for I tipped you the tale;

And now I'm jest back from a journey, a regular rattler, by Rail!

2.

Hexensrion to Margit, my pippin, five bob there and back, don't yer know.

But our party wos quite up-to-Dick,—you're awcer as *I* never euts low. Nine on us, five gurls and four fellers, jest one of the latter too few,

But they knowed *me* of old, did our lot, and they always counts 'Arry as *two*!

3.

I tell you, old man, 'twas my day. I was never in lovelier form; And as for the petticoats, Charlie, I regular took *them* by storm.

Two was told off to me—Liz and Carry—but, bless yer, I fetched 'em all round.

I should make a 'ot Hottoman, Charlie, Turk style suits me down to the ground.

7.

Fairly squelched 'im, my dignity did. Off we rumbled, a precious tight pack.

Our lot praised me up for my pluck, and I tried the same game coming back,

But a fierce ginger-whiskered old josser wos fly to the fake-ment this go.

Snakes! I thought he'd 'ave tore off my coat-tails. Big chap, but 'ot tempered and low.

8.

We 'adn't much time by the briny, the weather, as usual, was rummy;

But the fun on the road made up that, and our progs was peculiar lummy.

Tuck in? 'Tain't the word. If you'd spotted the tea as we nine put away,

You'd 'a said that, at ninepence a nut, 'twas a spec as looked 'ardly like pay.

9.

Srimps? Scissors! 'Ow Carry did crunch 'em! No fin-nicking peeling,—no fear!

Heads off, and then bolt, holus-bolus—that's bizness! And as for the beer,—

Not to name other labels of lotion—well, nines into thirty won't go;

But put it in pots, my dear boy, and you'll not be far from it, *I* know.

4.

We wos off by the earliest train, and 'ad breakfast, a buster, *ong root*;

Cold tea, 'ard biled heggs, and green happles,—you know gurls is nuts upon fruit,—

Wound up with a nip and a Pickwick. I tell yer it wasn't arf bad.

There is nothing like starting a spree with a good bottom layer, my lad.

5.

We'd took third class tickets in conrse, mate, but I put 'em up to a fake,

'Ung back last, then popped into a Second. Young Bloggs did a bit of quake,

But *I* brazened it hout like a Marquige. Wot use to be timid? Yah—bah!

Third-class ticket, and second-class carriage, and company *first-class*! Ha! ha!

6.

I know 'ow to work it, old oyster. It only wants coolness and check.

The way as I haw-haw'd that guard, I emagine was some-think uneek.

“No room nowheres else, Mister Wotsername, not a dashed haporth,” sez I.

“If the Company's mugs at their bizness, you can't expect *hus* to stand by!”



10.

Comin' 'ome was the  
barney, my bloater!  
We got in together,  
us nine;

Carry sat on my knee  
in one corner, there  
bein' a rush on the  
line.

Young Green's concer-  
tina was 'andy, Tom  
Blogg's a rare dab  
at the bones,

If we didn't raise thun-  
der and tommy, old  
chap, it's a caution  
to Jones.

11.

We did give it tongue  
I can tell yer, I  
didn't choke off, not  
a minnit,

And when I bring out  
my top notes, rail-  
way whistles is sim-  
ply not in it.

We chorus'd and clump'd it to rights; for a row-de-dow toc-  
and-heel treat

The floor of a long railway carriage, third class, isn't easy  
to beat.

12.

Then the chaff at the Stations! 'Twos spiffing! We put  
some old guys on the wax.

Do they think when a gent rides by rail he must pass all  
his time reading tracks?

A fig for sech mumchance  
old mivvies! I 'ates  
the 'ole mealy-mouthed  
brood.

When a feller is out on  
the bustle a jolly good  
'owl does 'im good.

13.

As for languidge! Them  
"Telegraff" twaddlers  
may trot out their Catos  
and such;

Is a chap on the scoop to be  
burked for a "blowed"  
or a "blooming" too  
much?



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.



Illustration from "Punch," by J. P. Atkinson.

Yah! Talk is like tea;  
it wants "lacing"  
with something a  
little bit strong,

And if it do run to a  
d now and then,  
why I don't fox the  
wrong.

11.

It's all Gospel-shop  
gruel, dear boy.  
We'll look after our  
own parts of speech,

And rap out a boath  
now and then with-  
out asking a prig  
on the preach.

Wot limp 'uns there is  
in the world! Why,  
a gurl in our ear-  
riage that night

Pooty nigh did a faint  
at our fun, and I  
know it was all  
nasty spite.

15.

A chalky-faced creature she were, and she sat by 'erself and  
looked sad,

And when Tom cheeked her up she complained that our  
bacco-smoke made 'er feel bad,

And *could* we just sing a *bit* softer? Oh, snakes! we'd the  
highest old game,

Till a big chap stood up from behind, and declared 'twas a  
thundering shame.

16.

He'd a fist like a sledge,  
so we stashed it. But  
wasn't it like her dashed  
cheek?

'Owsomever we made up  
in shindy; they can't  
quod a chap for a  
squeak.

I never did 'ear sech a  
rouser; and as for that  
impident Carry,

She swears if there is a  
gay dasher, it's

Yours as per usual,

'ARRY.



## AT THE PLAY.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

1.

DEAR CHARLIE,  
I sends yer the progrums I promised. I've bin on the  
gay,  
And you'll find that *this* dose is a dollup. I'm gettin' dead  
nuts on the play.  
I've bin going the rounds rare and rorty, along of a spifilical  
gal,  
And as you're still out of the swim like, I'll tip yer my  
notions, old pal.

2.

The Music 'All once was *my* mark, and I thought the  
theayter cold muffin,  
Which Shakespear and Byron and them, on the 'ole, *is*  
decidedly duffin ;  
But now the Stage lieks arf the 'Alls, mate, for side-splitters,  
spice, and bare pink,  
O it isn't arf dusty I tell yer ; and so Polly Jane seems to  
think.

3.

Polly Jane is my latest she-pal, Charlie, old Jones's  
youngest bnt one,  
A gal of rare sparkle and sperrit, and dead nuts  
on frolick and fun.  
Good erib at a wholesale Perfumer's, I tell you she  
pulls in the pelf,  
Can sport horstrich feathers, my boy, and 'er  
evenings 'as all to 'erself.

4.

Not pertikler, young Polly Jane isn't, a gal o' the  
world, so to speak ;  
Not as much maiden's blush in 'er, mate, as would  
colour a penny doll's cheek ;  
Knows her way about well, I can tell yer, wears  
'igh 'eels and Astrykan fur,  
And 'twould want someone smart at snide patter  
to take any change out of *her*.

5.

Reglar type of the time, is my Polly ; no soft modest  
violet muck ;  
Let a chap try the dowdy domestic with *her*, and  
he'll soon get the chuck.

Free-and-easy's her form ; she's a *chum*, Charlie, that's wot  
she is, and no kid.

Like most women wot has outgrown Home Sweet Home  
and the Do-as-you're-bid.

6.

Woman's Rights ain't *my* maxim, dear boy, but when out on  
the merry cavort

I like a she-pardner with sperrit, and ready for all kinds o'  
sport.

Polly's mashed on the Mummerys tremenjuss, and her taste  
and mine run in pairs,

And if sometimes P. J. *do* stand Sam, why *I* ain't one to  
give myself hairs.

7.

What I 'old is as plays should *be* plays, and not hist'ry, or  
preachin, or spout,

You go in for a laugh and a lush (don't P. J. lap the lemon  
and stout !)





Illustration from “Punch,” by G. du Maurier.

I’m aware there is softs as prefers to see Virtue wop Vice at the Vic.,

But we’ve rose above all that old rot, and go in for what Frenchmen calls “Chick !”

8.

“Chick’s”—well, tain’t so easy to say, but it’s doosid like what *we* calls “cheek”;

Sly saree, don’t yer know, ’ot and sweet, with a dash of the blue, but mixed weak.

The “blend” ain’t a bad ’un, I’ll tell yer; the toffs put us up to the fake,

And our taste and theirs in sech things is as like as two peas,—no mistake !

9.

In course they can’t go the ’ole ’og ; my Lord Chamberling’s down if they does ;

The bloomin’ old Mivvey must raise, now and then, jest a bit of a buzz ;

But, bless yer, there’s lots as he passes, O. K. and accordin’ to *Cocker*,

As—well, soap-board crawlers might ’owl, but it suits *me* right up to the knoecker.

10.

“Chick” does it, yer see ; oh a neat bit of *parley-voe* covers a lot,

And as most of our plays are now cribbed from the French, wy they’re all pooty ’ot.

Legs ? Bless you, my boy, *they* ain’t in it with ogles and antics and ’ints,

As sets Polly Jane on the snigger, and fetches the ochre in mints.

11.

It’s lummy to see the Swells larfing at capers as tickles *hws* too—

The Swells used to sit stiff as hicc when the Gallery raised a bohoo ;

Now one twigs out-and-outers take down wots too spiece a’most for the Pit,

And if they don’t elap like the “gods,” wy, yer see, kids given to split.

12.

Ain’t they down on the treacly domestic ?—a lay as I always did ’ate.

You know the old flapdoodle muck, tea for two and no stoppin’ out late ;

Connoobial yum-yum for ever ! no larks on the slyest Q. T.,

P’ramblators and properness—lord ! it ’ud jest about colly-fog me !



13.

For *chick* there was few to beat Schneider; but one of the best I 'ave seen  
 Wos Sarah Burnhard, who I saw when she ruled as the Gaiety Queen.  
 Every gent as wos really a gent, and a lover of *chick* and *ler bow*  
 Wos bound to 'ave seen Sally B., so yours truly of course had to go.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

14.

I'd bin picking up French a bit lately along o' my new chum, Alfongs,  
 Who acts as a *garson*—that's waiter—at one of them new Restorongs, [swim;  
 I can patter it proper, I tell yer, and feel to be quite in the  
 And as Alf, as I call him, likes plays, I once went to see Sarah with him.

15.

Rum name, don't you know; don't sound French, more than Betsy or Emily-Ann;  
 But you heard it all over the shop, like one once heard "Whoa Emma!" old man.  
 All *our* Pros felt their nose out of joint when this Comerdee Frongsay lot came,  
 And finding 'twas quite *ler fromarge*, I was bound to be fly to the game.

16.

"'Ot?" Oh my! In that Gallery, Charlie, Old Nick would have found it too warm,  
 Which two-and-a-tanner is stiff, but you do have to pay for good form;  
 And oh! sech a swell lot below us, the regular *crame deller crame*!  
 But I notieed most on 'em had books, though, and minded 'em too, all the same.

17.

They do put on the pace in their patter, them French do, remarkable 'ot,  
 And though I'd straight tips from Alfongs, I must own as I missed a rare lot.  
 But if some of the Swells didn't ditto, I'll eat my old hat, which it's tough—  
 Though they tried to look horful *hofay*,—wot in English we'd call up to snuff.

18.

If you ask wot I thought of it, Charlie, I tell you, old feller, not much!  
 'Twos dry, Charlie, doosidly dry, and for spiece *our* theayters can't touch.  
 From wot I 'ad 'card of French plays I did look for a bit of a lark—  
*Pink Dominos* style, only more so, but blowed if 'twas up to that mark.

19.

Nothing pointed, you know, and no puns; all the 'igh perlite droring-room style;  
 Lots of naughty-nice business, I s'pose, but so wropped up in smirk, shrug, and smile,  
 That yer couldn't lay hold on it somehow, like some sorts of seents, my dear boy,  
 Which you never can git a fair sniff at, and consequent can't arf enjoy.

20.

I do like my flavours strong, no French salads or *soofflays* for me,  
 And when you are in for a joke give us one as a fellow can see.  
 Alfongs talks about Gallie *fine ess*, wot the dickens it is I don't know,  
 But French filagree's not to my mind, I like more of stuff, substance, and go.

21.

And Sarah? Well, Charlie, she's feteling, there ain't no two ways about that,  
 She made pooty picturs when standing, and pootier ones when she sat;  
 But she's cut jst a *leetle* too fine for my fancy. No, give me Croysett,  
 As I think you would say is a stunner, though Sarah's the Toothpickers' pet.





Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

22.

But take 'em all round, well, I tell yer, I think they're a  
bit of a frost,  
Though, my parleyvoo not being puffect, no doubt there  
wos some things I lost;  
But there didn't seem nothing to brisk one, no rallies, no  
dances, no songs,  
Not a patch upon Terry, with Nelly and Kate, as I sez to  
Alfongs.

23.

Then there's Warner in "Drink," now, that's business,  
good goods and no error—O lor!  
I shall never forget that *D. T.*! If the Froggies 'ud do  
*Lassommo*,  
Wy, I'd go, if 'twere jest to compare 'em. I saw Croysett  
die in the "Sphinks,"  
But I guess she ain't in it with Charlie, although it is  
strikenine *she* drinks.

24.

The criticks jest now is a arguing each other's heads off,  
dear boy,  
About Hibsen and sech forrin crackpots, whose fakements *I*  
cannot enjoy.  
They are nuts upon "Nature," they tell us; as fur as I see,  
for my part  
All that's hugly and narsty means Nature, the rest is "Con-  
ventional Hart."

25.

Then bully for *it*, sez yours truly; Conventional Hart,  
mate, I mean;

Mellerdrammer these mugs would abolish, Sensation they'd  
kick off the scene,  
And give us some gloomy young woman as cannot git on  
with 'er bloke,  
And who snivels away through three acks without ever a  
fight or a joke.

26.

That "Nature?" Ah, Charlie, my biffin, the world ain't  
all roses and milk,  
But every young wife ain't a Maybrick, nor every young  
man ain't a bilk.  
The snivel and stab of Sensation ain't wus than this  
mildewy muck,  
And when the Stage comes to this pattern, yours truly will  
give it the chuck.

27.

When I goes to the Play with young Polly, I goes for a larf  
or a creep.  
Your Shakspeare's too much like a sermon in verse, and it  
sends me to sleep.  
I like a fair stodge of Sensation; the gurgle and gush, when  
well done,  
As it is by yer Willards and Barretts, ain't bad, but *the* best  
is Blue Fun!

28.

We want bizness and fun, Charlie. Bless yer, the thin  
water gruelly stuff  
Wot the smuggers would ladle us out, always gives me the  
'ump and the 'uff.



But they're droppin' it, Charlie, they're droppin' it, like  
other moral 'ot taters.

Won't go, any more than a ballet-gal's legs in a bishop's  
black gaiters.

29.

I always did say what one wants at the Play is fair yum-  
ym and larks,

And now 'ere's some horacles tipping their ditto to 'Arry's  
remarks.

The 'igh-flying crickits may splutter, the sleek soapboard  
crawlers may sniff,

But gumptioners know that wot *pays* is the pink and the  
spicily spiff.

30.

I mayn't be a Masher exactly, leastways what the public so  
calls,

'Cos it won't always run to claw 'ammers, white kites, and  
front rows in the Stalls.

But I know 'em, and, tip me the ochre, I'd take a fair hand  
in their game,

For as fûr as I see in our notions and tastes we're percisely  
the same.

31.

Wot's all this yer chat about Beauty that Artists and  
Parsons pay out?

If a chap ain't to get a fair eye on it when a neat parcel's  
about,

Your Beauty's a bloomin' old fraud. It is when it's on  
show, my dear boy,

That it's worth anythink to a bloke as is blest with the  
taste to enjoy.

32.

Well, the Stage is a Beauty-Shop, Charlie, that's wropping  
it up nice and small,

And I wants as much for my tin as the Chamberling's game  
for, that's all.

If Pootiness trots 'erself out for *my* taste, it pays *her* I'll be  
bound,

And her Showman, *he* takes *his* gate-money, and so we are  
'appy all round.

33.

Not moral, sing out the old Mivvies! Lor, Charlie, what  
'umbug it is!

If we're all in the swim, free and willing, and all find it  
jolly good biz,

Who the doose has the right to complain? 'Tisn't morals  
that's wanted, old pal,

But *cleverness*, whether in Manager, Masher, or limber-  
limbed gal.

34.

“Wide oh!” is the word in this world, Charlie. Beauty  
must prance it for pelf,

And as to the *risk*, that's 'er bizness—she's got to look out  
for 'erself.

Theayters ain't Sunday Schools, are they? nor Managers  
Matrons and Nusses,

And Pink Parades ain't to be spoiled by the fads of the  
frumps and the fusses.

35.

She knows her own book, Sir, does Beauty, and don't want  
no texts out o' your'n.

You tip her a track, and jest try it—she'd ent such a  
Juggins with scorn!

If me and the Masher wants check and carnation, and she's  
on the job,

Why shouldn't her Stage Trotter-out take his perks too at  
so much a nob?

36.

It's Free Trade—in Beauty, my biffin, demand and supply  
and all that.

You know what you go to the shop for, and get it, that's  
puttin' it pat.

Let's be 'onest, old pal, I *love* 'onesty all round my 'at, and no kid.  
I *could* pitch you a yarn on that text; but I fear I must put  
on the skid.

37.

Call a shovel a shovel's my motter. Some say I'm a cynicle ead;  
Wot's “cynicle,” Charlie? Jest 'onest; plain sack without  
painting or pad,

Pop out the straight truth with a grin, and they dubs you  
a Satter or Turk;

You should wrop it up nice in white sugar, and 'and it  
about with a smirk.

38.

If I worked the theatrical fake—which I don't, my dear  
Charlie, wus luck!—

I shouldn't go spouting of morals, pure art, and such  
mollyslop muck.

Not me, Sir! Pink saucer and spangle and spice would be  
*my* little lay,

And I'd own I a Beauty-Shop kept, and I rather meant  
making it pay.

39.

Carn't see, for my part, wy theaytres are jealons of 'Alls. Polly J.  
Says, “they're both livin' up the same street.” Wy, there's  
many a regular “Play”

As is three parts “Variety,” Charlie, to one of “Ligiti-  
mate” stuff;

And to crib from the 'Alls and then slate 'em and snub 'em  
seems playing it rough.

40.

My sentiments, mate, and I'm 'appy to find they are  
spreading a bit;

In fact, that my notions of Life are decidedly making a 'it.  
Yu-u-up! Foller yer leader, you Mashers and Managers,  
all who can carry

Sufficient sky-serapers to keep in the 'unt, with that 'igh  
flyer

'ARRY.



## ON SONG AND SENTIMENT.



Illustration from “Punch,” by E. T. Reed.

**D**EAR CHARLIE, 1.  
Your buthorday, old bandbox, I've got it marked  
down “orl kerrect,”  
And some sort of a little momento is wot a old pal might  
expect.  
Well, I know you're a mark upon Sing-song, and nuts on  
the comical lay,  
So I send you a rorty collection of Popular Songs of the Day.

2.  
Reglar rousers, my pippin, I tell yer, the pick of the 'Alls  
took all round,  
And the lot, sentimental *or* comic, 'll suit yer right down  
to the ground.  
I fancy I 'ear your fine barrytone piping out, “Mother's Old  
Mug,”  
Or “Doin' the Toff for a Tanner,” or “‘Arry, dear, put  
on the 'Ug!”

3.  
Some old bloke, I forgot who exsackly, although he gits  
quoted a lot,  
And the *D. T.* jest trots him out reglar whenever it puts  
on the pot,

Remarks, “Let the Bigwigs make Laws for the People so  
I makes their Songs!”  
And the hods on that chap being right are St. Paul's to  
a pair of old tongs.

4.  
He knowed English hearts, did that joker; he jest took *my*  
weight to a hounce.  
Legislaters, my pippin, ain't in it along o' my pal, “The Big  
Bounce.”  
He's top-row, if yer like, and no turnups, smart brougham,  
sealskin coat, all O. K.;  
Yet he tips me the haffable flipper as though I was fair on  
his lay.

5.  
Ah! to sit, mate, and listen to *him*, cigars round, and a  
bottle of fizz,  
While he rattles out “Mashed on a Muggins,” is what I call  
real good biz.  
Monday Pops are all kibosh and catgut, and even the Pro-  
menard palls;  
If yer want Song and Sentiment, Charlie, fust chop, you  
must go to the 'Alls.

6.  
That's Life and no bow-wow, my biffin! The mugs who  
write poetry rot  
All skim-milk and die-away doldrums, they simply ain't up  
to wot's wot.  
We want something spiey and sparklin'. Jest take wot a  
feller likes most,  
Pop it into smart verse with a chorus, and there you are,  
served upon toast.

7.  
Wot would you and me do, my dear Charlie, if we 'ad a  
thousand a year?  
*That's* larks, *that's* true poetry, ain't it? Not sawdust and  
snivel, no fear!  
To cut a fair dash, dress slap-uppish, 'ave fourpenny smokes  
and good drink,  
With a touch of the azure for fan, and for yum-yum a patch  
of the pink!

8.  
That's Life, mate, I say once agin, and put into a Song that's  
*our* mark,  
And the bokos who try other barneys are bossing about in  
the dark.  
The “Big Bounce” hits the “bull” every time, mate, 'cos  
why? he 'as bin in the swim,  
And it's jolly few games on the board as don't open like  
hysters to *'im*.





Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

9.

Don't he touch up our patriot feelings with  
 "Britons shall bang 'em all round!"?  
 That's wot we can *all* understand, mate, and  
 my! 'ow the 'obnails do sound!  
 Let the Tory lot give us a Leader as takes  
 the "Big Bounee" for his model,  
 And Brummagem Joe and his gang may jest  
 pick up their trotters and toddle.

10.

As to Sentiment, Charlie, you know as *I* ain't of  
 the snivelling sort,  
 But "Mother's Last Spank" *is* a fetcher, while  
 "Angels have called for Jim Short,"  
 Or "Don't put Father's Watch up the Spout"  
 are both very fair biz in their way,  
 And a thousand times better than "Kathleen  
 Mavourneen" or "Auld Robin Gray."

11.

"Spoons"—sweetheart or nursery, Charlie, go  
 down with the women, old chap;  
 For wot they call "pathos," my pippin, is  
 mostly a speelies of pap  
*Aprypo* of the kids or the petticoats. *Latter*, of  
 course, is my lay,  
 But I do like the rosy put rorty, and love-  
 making done on the gay.

12.

Yer stiff Horytoryo bosh is a kibosh I never *could*  
 stand,  
 Six hundred a shouting like mad in a Chorus they tell  
 us is Grand,  
 Makes *me* sing "O, my timpynum!" Charlie, Great  
 Scott, 'ow they do give it mouth!  
 'Andel Festivals may suit the smugs, but give me  
 patter songs at the "South."

13.

The Serpruners squeak hup to the ehinleys, the  
 Basses growl down in a "dive,"  
 And then there's yer Recitateever, the dismallest  
 duffer alive;  
 Whines out somethink that ain't got no metre *nor*  
 music, but sounds purty much  
 Like March winds 'owling over the 'ouse tops, I tell  
 yer it isn't *my* touch.

14.

There is many a Street-ery, my pippin, knocks  
 recitateeves into fits;  
 Wy, a pootily piped "Blooming Lavender," done as  
 I've 'eard it, by ehits,  
 "Sixteen good market branches a penny," as meller  
 as blackbirds in June,  
 Beats 'Andel's molrowings a buster to all wot 'as ears  
 for a tune.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.



15.

Halbut 'All and Messiah? Not much, Charlie, Music-Shop  
mugs may pertest,  
But they know as the love-sick and larky are two lines as  
*pay* 'em the best;  
Somethink gushy or *chick* is wot's wanted. The gushy,  
when really well done,  
With plenty of treacle and twist, and good eye-goggle  
fetches like fun.

With a song about “Roses,” old pal, and a rolling  
contralto, oh my!  
The singist may prove a fair siren, though fat, with  
a cast in'er eye.  
Still, wot cops 'em's a good comic chorus, with  
plenty of bellows and blare,  
No meaning, but lots of *dah caper* and crash, and  
a rattling good hair.

17.

“Annie Rooney,” or “Comrades,” dear boy, “She's  
my honey”—that's good in a fog  
Where I 'eard a baked-tater boy 'owl it as tho'  
'twas much better than prog—  
Them's yer sort, but wot's best is a chorus without  
no more *sense* than a bray,  
Like “Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!” Charlie. *That*  
knoeks 'em for many a day.

18.

There, my pal, the “Big Bounce,” is a hot 'un.  
What *can* be more lummy, dear boy,  
Thau “Dasher the Masher,” page ten? turn it up,  
it's a song to enjoy.  
You should hear the B. B. roll it out, you should  
see his light kids and his wink!  
If there *is* any party I envy, it's him, Charlie. Wot  
do *you* think?

19.

Well, well, we can't all be Big Bounces—wus luck! but I'm  
sure you'll agree  
That the Music 'All Song paints a pieter of wot we should  
all *like* to be;  
And that's where it nails us, dear Charlie, and that's  
what I meant when I said  
That that Jossier, whose name I've forgotten, 'ad 'it the  
right nail on the 'ed.

20.

*These Songs make the People*, my pippin. We build ourselves  
up on their plan,—  
We snide 'uns, I mean, and the others ain't really wuth  
recknin, old man.  
Wy, if we came into a fortune, in Dress or in Drink, Love  
or Larks,  
Wot *could* we do better than take the B. B. as our primest  
of marks?



Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.

21.

O, it makes a chap's mouth water, Charlie; I'm blowed if it  
don't. Just you think  
Of *being* a “Dasher the Masher,” of 'aving his togs and his  
chink!  
The gals at your feet, fun and frolic and fizz jest as much as  
you'll carry!  
That's Life, and that's Music 'All Song, mate, and that's the  
True Ticket for

‘A R R Y.



## ON THE CONTINONG.

## 1. IN PARRY.



Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.

1.

CHER CHARLIE,  
*J'y swee ay j'y reste*--for a fortnit or so. Ain't  
 it prime?  
 I landed on *Raine Dor*, yer know, and I've 'ad sech a proper  
 old time.  
 And as 'twas the French 'Oss as plumbd me and give me  
 my chance of a hout,  
 I thought I'd trot over to Parry, and see wot the frogs was  
 about.

2.

Oh, a pocketful do perk one up like. I laid in a sweet suit  
 o' stripes,  
 And went in a regular crusher for neckties, light kids, and  
 silk wipes.  
 If you'd twigged me, dear boy, on the start you'd 'a said I  
 was mixing it strong,  
 But didn't it jest fetch *ces dames* as I druv in the *Bwor der*  
*Boolong*?

3.

Not so rorty as London, my pippin, and *tant swor*  
*po* frothy and thin  
 I 'ope you are fly to the Lingo; I tip yon the  
 Parleyvoo in.  
 Comes nateral now, don't yer know, though more  
 orkerd to write than to speak.  
 But my haccent's considered the cheese, and my  
 style o' prenouncin' it *chic*.

4.

You remember Alfongs, wot I told you of some  
 time ago, my new chum?  
 Well, *he* was in Parry permiskus; and didn't we  
 make the thing hum!  
 Alfongs knows the ropes, bein' a native, a true  
*bullyarder*, dear boy,  
 As he calls hisself proud-like perpetual. Parry is  
 Alfongs's joy.

5.

He talks of it lovingly, Charlie, and calls it *Lar*  
*Belle* wotsername,  
 As though 'twas a gal he was mashed on. Parisians  
 is mostly the same.  
 Fancy you and me spoony on London! But lor!  
 these ere furrineers' ways  
 Is counundrums to commonsense Britons; one 'arf  
 of 'em strikes yer as craze.

6.

Alfongs was pertikular useful though, 'long o' the patter  
 and that.  
 When a hot 'un like me 's on his track he don't want to be  
 took for a flat.  
 He showed me the French Real Jam, as he said he would,  
 took me about,  
 And when I got into a 'obble his *bullyard* tack 'ooked me  
 out.

7.

Not so rorty as London, I said, and I sticks to it. Some-  
 how, yer know,  
 One feels jest a little mite out of it. Lots of *ler gai* and  
*ler bo*.  
 But jolly? Well, no, not percisely; the larks, like the  
 liquors, run light,  
 And a sprce à *lar Fronsday*, though gassy, don't fill up my  
 pewter—not quite.





Illustration from “Punch,” by G. du Maurier.

8.

There ain’t enough body about it, no  
row-de-dow rollick and ramp.  
The French don’t seem up to per-  
doocing us cards of the jolly-dog-  
stamp.  
They sits at the *caffys* and chatters,  
and tipples up tots weak as tea,  
But a pot o’ four-’arf and a frolic is  
things as you don’t often see.

9.

Fine streets, and no error, though,  
Charlie. Them bullyvards bangs  
us to bits.  
You might play cricket well in their  
squares, slog for sixes, and run out  
your ’its.  
That *Place deller Concorde*, for instance,  
—I’m blowed if onc doesn’t feel lost,  
And pine for a pub. in Cheapside, stout-  
and-mild and a cut off the roast.



Illustration from “Punch,” by G. du Maurier.

10.

There’s a deal too much finnick and  
fuss, *byang Mossoo*-ing, and that sort o’ thing  
You don’t want your *gassong*—that’s waiter—to speak like  
a haffable king ;

Puts yer out, don’t yer know. Now, our “yessir” sounds  
proper, respeckful, and pat,  
But a Frenchman’s all bows and *bong jours*, and he lives with  
’is ’and to ’is ’at.





Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

11.

A smart *Concierge* in a cap, with a heye full of mischief  
and fun,  
Seems pooty good goods for a rally, but, bless yer, it ain't  
to be done,  
I put on the rattle to rights in the style that's so taking  
*shay noo*,  
But they ain't got the 'ang of it, Charlie,—it doesn't  
come off, not a few.

12.

Of course you earn't chaff *cummy fo* in a language you  
haven't quite nailed ;  
But my *style* ought to do it, dear boy—it's the very fust  
time as it's failed.  
It's the fault of young Frenchmen, I fancy—they earn't  
come the true rorty pal,  
And yer see, when the feller ain't wide, why, what *can* you  
expect from the gal !

13.

Later on I picked up a Bank Clerk, as was out on the  
lonely like me,  
And I think we astonished the natives, and showed 'em *our*  
pattern o' spree.  
'Ow they stared at our capers, dear boy ! 'ow we laughed  
at their "*Commons* !" and shrugs !  
No. Parry's O. K., and no kid ; but the Mossos is most  
on 'em Mugs.

14.

"Fust himpressions !" says you. Werry true, but I take  
a *cou d'œel* tidy quick.  
I thought to find Parry a purrydisc ruled by the merry Old  
Nick ;  
It's a City of Caffys, elcan streets, open spaces, and spick-  
and-span 'ouses,  
And women without any bonnets, and workmen in dingy  
blue blouses :

15.

No pubs, but long bullyvards, Charlie, all Rustyrongs  
tables, and trees ;  
With folks grubbin all over the place upon kickshaws and  
claret and cheese.  
But there ain't no 'ome feeling about 'em, these *brasserie*  
cribs and wot not,  
And for comfort, and fun, and good tippie, yer true British  
bar bangs the lot.

16.

I miss it, my pippin, I miss it ; the bacey, the barney, the  
beer,  
The chumming, the chaff at the counter,—they do it so  
different 'ere.  
Still I'm going it nobby, dear boy, and you know there *are*  
capers in Parry  
That—well, mum's the word. More anon.

*Toot à voo der bong* wotsername, 'ARRY.



## 2. AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

1.  
**D**EAR CHARLIE,  
You'll twig by the paper this comes from a  
Parry hotel ;  
It's the great "Continongtal," my pippin', the piek of the  
proper and swell.  
I'm a doin' my Parry *on prance*, I can tell yer, dear boy,  
and no kid ;  
And an English *Milord* on the scoop earn't be equalled at  
blueing a quid.

2.  
Oh them precious spondulicks, old pal, 'ow they 'andicaps  
dashers like hus !  
Still I've spread myself out pooty sparkling, dear boy, and  
it might 'ave bin wus.  
There's a party I know lives in Parry, got pieces, and well  
in the swim,  
And this pal's put me up to a lot I should never 've seen  
but for him.

3.  
This 'ere *Grand Exposition*, dear boy, is a town  
in itself, and no kid.  
If you'd wandered about it for hours on the 'unt  
for a friend, as I did,  
You'd have thought 'twas as big as all Brompton,  
with Battersea Park, say, chucked in,  
To do the thing proper all round would want  
weeks and a hatful of tin.

4.  
There's miles of it, Charlie, I tell ye. It covers  
the big *Champ der Mar*,  
And stretches hout like a large Hoctopus 'eaven  
alone knows 'ow far.  
I quite lost the run of it, swelp me, found Guide  
Books and Plans little use,  
And the paths was that endless and gritty I  
wore out my best pair o' shoes.

5.  
Bazaar bizness, lots on it? Yus ; but there's  
larks in them bloomin' bazaars,  
Some sights as would knoek a mere juggins, and  
made even 'Arry see stars.  
Arab daneers, dear boy, dark-eyed donas in  
shawl-patterned togs on the twirl,  
One on 'em a fair champion wriggler ; I got  
reglar mashed on that girl.

6.  
Not *our* form of the mazy, my lad ; she teeto-  
tumed about on her toes,  
Whilst her mates drummed and scraped like  
Jemimer. 'Twas one of the runmiest shows,

A gal with her body all hinges aint my style of pardner,  
exact,  
But if dancing means wild wiggle-waggle, she did take the  
cake, that's a fact.

7.  
The East must be 'ot and no horror ! but podgy young  
minxes arf drest,  
A-wobbling their 'ips to wild music seems nuts to the swells  
of the West.  
Whether Tunis or Egypt perdooced 'em their ways was not  
pooty or nice,  
And for beauty a ice-gal from Peckham would liek 'em two  
times out of twice.

8.  
Then the Tower, dear boy ! Ah, that Tower ! I guess I've  
the gift o' the gab,  
But this 'ere is a case where description falls flat as a sole  
on a slab.



It's a blooming sky-scraping Topper; Jack's Beanstalk in iron! Oh my!  
Good old Babel may take a back seat, for the Eiffel is boss of the sky.

9.

Just fancy a big iron  
tortoise a-straddle  
in Trafalgar  
Square,  
With a lighthouse of  
girders and rivets  
about arf a mile in  
the air  
Aperch on its back;  
all Bank Holiday  
chucked into lifts  
and let loose,  
To grub, swarm, and  
cackle, all over it!  
Fancy — but lor,  
wot's the use?

10.\*

Fancy chucks up the  
biz as too big for  
her. Paris jest now  
is the Tower.  
The *Champ* may be  
like a bazaar, and  
the *Bor der Boolong*  
like a bower,  
But to eat, drink, and  
smoke, ou the  
Eiffel, and brag of  
the "stages" you've  
done,  
Is the treat of the  
whole blooming  
show, and the pick  
of the whole bloom-  
ing fuu.

11.

To grub arf a mile  
in the air on a  
balcony 'ung in  
blue space,  
With mankind like  
black beetles below,  
and the clouds  
nearly flicking yer  
face,

Gives yer storberries quite a fresh flavour, and lends a  
new charm to yer smoke.

From the top of the Eiffel, old pal, all the world looks a  
jolly good joke.

12.  
When you go to a Show, my dear boy, and must travel about  
it by rail,  
And take trips—say, from Tunis to Java, a cove's parts of  
speech seem to fail.

If I piled it on thiek  
for a ream, I should  
still 'ave a lot left  
to pile,  
So we'll jest leave new  
Babel a bit, and  
trot back to the  
city awhile.

13.

I've done all the  
*Caffys* in turn,  
mate, and as to  
the tipples—well,  
there!

'Ardly know 'ow I  
worked through  
'em, Charlie, and  
managed to keep  
on my hair.

Narsty syrupy mucks,  
many on 'em; the  
waiters are sloppy  
and neat,  
But I couldn't, some-  
how, make 'em see  
as they mixed all my  
lotions too sweet.

14.

Here, Gassong? sez I  
—"Vla Mossoo!"—  
Now, regarday, sez  
I, "mong onfong,"

*Donnay mor ung*—er  
—squash — *par*  
*trou doo, ler*—er—  
last was like treacle  
gone wrong,

Didn't twig, but fell  
back upon "*Com-  
mong*?" the  
Frenchified form of  
our "Wot?"

I fell back upon a  
"Boek," sort o  
beer as is prime  
when it isn't too 'ot.

15.

In fact, mate, I *Boeked* it tremenjuss, fer wosn't it sultry?  
Ah, just!

And the fust thing I picked up in Parry, dear boy, was a  
thunderin' thust!



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.



I 'ad Books on the Bullyvards, Books on the Tower, at all the rum shows,  
In fact, Charlie, “*Hangeore ung Bock!*” was my motter from starting to close.

16.

Wot I like about Parry, dear boy, is the general *al frisky* all round.

(*Al frisky* means out in the open) wherever you sit there's a sound

Of feet and *piakers* (that's cabs), rustling leaves, chinking glasses, and song,

And I must say the slapuppest lark is to sup at a *Caffy Chantonq*.

17.

Our “*Healtheries*” game wasn't in it with—say the “*Ambassadors*.” Ah!

Fancy pouching your prog on a terrace, with crack *Comie Singers lah-bah*;

Green leaves, pooty women, gay mashers. *Tam-tam! Patata!! Patapouf!!!*

Great Scott! I could go it for hages, if only I'd more of the oof.

18.

Then the *Caffy American*, Charlie! My eye and a bandbox, dear boy,

Talk of Lumps of Delight! It's all dazzle and yum-yum, a place to enjoy;

The *crame der lar crame* of the rosy and rorty, mate. Thanks to my friend,

I 'ad wot is ere called the *ouytray*; and him and me went it, no end.

19.

Swell furniture, Charlie, soft swabs, and the air full of frolic and fizz;

Sleek waiters with list-slipper foot falls, but snide, and well up to their biz.

Like a helegant droring-room party, but rollicking, yus, and *song jane*,

Which means free-and-easy, my pippin, swell dresses, and tubs of champagne.

20.

I wasn't quite fly to the patter, not always, French chaff may be prime,

But it flew a bit over my 'ed, and I felt in a fog arf the time. Still, when one of the ladies, a sparkler, got quoting “Two Lovely Black Eyes,”

Wy, it put me at 'ome in a jiff, though I answered “O, wot a Surprise!”

21.

At night-time they squat at round tables of marble, mate, under green trees,

The Frenchies, men, women, and young 'uns, in parties of twos or of threes.

Buz-wuz goes the Bully-  
vard bustle, click-  
clack go the *voytures*,  
and loud

Above leaf-rustle, glass-  
chink and chat sounds  
the tramp of the  
orderly crowd.

22.

Spicy cards, snapping  
cigarette-cases, rum  
himages, all sold as  
free

As shirt-studs or sticks  
in Cheapside! There  
ain't no bloomin'  
fiddlededee

Of mealy mock-modesty,  
Charlie, about the  
dashed Froggies,  
that's flat,

As their funny *affichees*  
or posters will prove.  
But no more about  
that.

23.

The Bullywards do me a  
treat, mate, and so  
they do Billy Bolair.

You know Billy; an old  
pal o' mine. Well, I  
tell yer, old man, I  
did stare

24.

“*Watcher*, Billy, old Luster!” says I, “you in Parry, like all the *herleet*?”

“Yus,” sez Billy, “*jee swee ay jee rest*, for a fortnit. This is a rum meet.



Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.



Wot's yer pison, old pal?" I was on; and the way we two  
spread ourselves out,  
And went for more Bocks and loud barnies, estonished the  
Gassongs, no doubt.

25.

Our true English manner of greeting, a dig in the ribs and  
a 'owl,  
Seemed to kibosh the Frenchmen completely, and some on  
'em did a fair scowl,  
"Yah!" sez Billy to me,  
*sotter rochy*,—though  
some seemed to twig;  
they're dashed quick—  
"Their hail when they  
meet is a smack on  
each cheek, 'Arry."  
Made me quite sick!

26.

Me and Billy made quite  
a sensation along of  
our style and our togs.  
They can't do the heasy  
*daygajay* in check  
suits and rounders,  
them Frogs.  
And my stor and striped  
flannels fair flum-  
moxed 'em. Scissors!  
our style made 'em  
stare  
More than all the  
Moors, Arabs and  
Chinamen found in  
that rum *Roo der*  
*Cuire*.

27.

Bill and me did that  
quarter completely.  
Rode races in queer  
Chinese ears

Drawn by lemon-skinned Johnnies in 'ats like hextinguishers.  
Made 'em see stars,  
We did, at the caffays and sing-songs, a *gammon der Parry's*  
all there.  
But when 'Arry is well on the swivel he makes Cairo  
donkey-boys stare.

28.

They are nice cups of tea, and no horror, fair cautions for  
patter and cheek.  
Then,—bnt, there, I can't tell yer a tenth of the larks if I  
yarn for a week.  
It's a reglar fust-class fair eye-opener; a Big Thing, dear  
boy, and no kid.  
I can't patter or picture it out, and you couldn't catch on if I did.

29.

It's the whole world packed into a field, spreadin' out by  
the side of the Seine,  
A Babel of talk, with the Tower chucked in, travelled over  
by train,  
Full of palaces, parks, and pavillions, bazzars, buffets, bras-  
series—Lor!  
When I foxed the whole thing from the Eiffel, it struck even  
'Arry with hor.

30.

The people swarm in  
in their 'undreds of  
thousands, and yet  
there's no squeeze,  
'Cos the place seems  
like all out-of-doors,  
with its parks, peoty  
gardens, and trees;  
Domes here, towers  
yonder, big *sals*,  
monstrous galleries,  
theatres—yus  
And enough grubbing  
places chucked in,  
mate, to feed 'arf a  
town without fuss.

31.

If you get tired of  
padding the hoof,  
there are *fotooey*  
*roolongs* all round,  
Like big prambulators,  
dear boy, which  
blowsed coves shove  
along without sound.  
I didn't quite cotton  
fust off, for I felt like  
a kid with his nuss,  
But when you've been  
hours on the trot you  
will find you might  
easy do wus.

32.

I find Parry grows on yer—fast! It's a place as fer soon  
git to love;  
There is always some fun afoot there, as will keep a chap  
fair on the shove.  
Poety scenery's all very proper, but glaciers and snow-peaks  
do pall,  
And as to yer bloomin' Black Forests, the *Bor der Boolong*  
beats 'em all.

33.

Arter all, there is something quite 'ome-like in Parry—so  
leastways I think;  
It's a place where you don't seem afraid to larf 'arty, or tip  
gals the wink;



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.



Sort o' *san joney* feeling about it, my pippin'—you know wot I mean.

You don't feel *too* far from old Fleet Street, steaks, “bitter,” and “*God Save the Queen!*”

34.

When your Britisher travels, he travels, but likes to be Britisher still;

With his *Times* and his “tub” he is ‘appy; without ‘em he’s apt to feel ill.

Wy, when I was last year in Parry, I went for a Bullyvard crawl

One night arter supper, when who should I spot but my pal Bobby Ball.

35.

He wos doin’ the gay at a Caffy, was Bob, *petty vair*, and all that,

Togged up to the nines with his claw-hammer, cuff-shooters, gloves, and crush-hat.

“Ello, Bobby, my bloater!” I bellered; and up from his paper he looks.

Ah! and didn’t we ‘ave a rare night on it, Charlie! We both know *our* books.

36.

But wot do you think Bob was reading? *The Times!* I could twig it in once,

He might ‘ave ‘ung on to *Gil Blas*, or the *Figgero*,—Bob ain’t a dunce—

But lor! not a bit on it, Charlie; the Britisher stuck out to rights;

’Twas John Bull’s big, well-printed old broad-sheet! Jcs! one of the touchin’est sights!

37.

Torton’s is all very spiffing, the Bullyvard life is A 1, And the smart little journals of Parry, though tea-paper rags, is good fun;

But a Briton abroad *is* a Briton; *chie*, spice, azure pictures, rum crimes,

Is all very good biz in their way, but they do not make up for our *Times!*

38.

I return, mate, tomorrer—wus luck! There’s enough to fill up all next week,

France has taken the bun with this Show, and her Tower is somethink uneek.

I may drop yer a line or two more, when I’m back, about wonderful Parry,

But no more at present, dear boy, *except Vive lah bell France!* from Yours,

‘ARRY.

### 3. IN SWITZERLAND.

1.

DEAR CHARLIE,  
You heard as I’d left good old England agen, I’ll be bound.

Not for Parry alone, mate, this time—I’ve bin doing the Reglar Swiss Round.

Mong Blong, Mare de Glass, and all that, Charlie—guess it’s a sight you’d enjoy To see ‘Arry, the Hisington Masher, togged out as a Merry Swiss Boy.

2.

’Tis a bit of a stretch from the “Hangel,” a jolly long journey by rail,

But I made myself haffable like; I’d got hup on the toppin’-est scale

Shammy-hunter at Ashley’s not in it with me, I can tell yer, [old chap;

And the way as the passengers stared at me showed I wos fair on the rap.

3.

Talk of hups and downs, Charlie! North Devon I found pooty steep, as you know.

But wot’s Lynton roads to the Halps, or the Torrs to that blessed Young Frow?

I got ‘andy with halpenstocks, Charlie, and never came *much* of a spill;

But I think, arter all, that, for comfort, I rayther prefer Primrose ‘Ill.



Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.



Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.



4.

But that's *ontry nous*, don't yer know: keep my pecker hup  
proper out 'ere.

'Arry never let on to them Swiss as he felt on the swivel,  
—no fear!

When I slipped down a bloomin' *crevassy*, I *did* do a bit of a  
'owl,

On them glasheers, to keep your foot fair, you want claws,  
like a eat on the prow.

5.

Got arf smothered in snow, and no kid, Charlie—Guide  
swore 'twas all my hown fault,

Cos I would dance, and sing *too-ral-li-ety*, arter he'd hordered  
a halt.

Awful gonophs, them Guides, and no herror; they don't  
know their place, not a mite,

And I'm dashed if this ead didn't laugh (with the rest), 'eos  
I looked sech a sight.

6.

Father Christmas not in it with me, Charlie—sort of big  
snowball on legs;

And *cold*, Charlie! Flasks was no use, could ha' gurgled  
neat Irish in kegs.



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.

Still, I wosn't much 'urt, mate, thanks be—only needled a  
bit in my pride,

And I soon got upsides with the party, and fair took it hout  
of that Guide.

7.

He'd a mash at Chermooney—neat parcel enough, though in  
course not *my* style;

Couldn't patter her lingo—wus luck!—but I *could* do the  
lardy, and smile;

And that Merry Swiss Boy got so jealous, along o' some  
capers o' mine,

That I'm sure, if he'd twigged arf a ehance, he'd a elueked  
me slap into the Rhine.

8.

Then I tried Shammy-hunting, old pal, but I didn't make  
much of a bag,

Stalking curly-'orned goats in a country all precipice, hiee-  
hill, and erag,

Might suit Mister  
Manfred, it may  
be—he didn't seem  
nuts on his life;

But give *me* rabbit-  
potting in Devon,  
where rocks is  
not edged like a  
knife.

9.

'Ad a try arter Idle-  
wise, too—sort o'  
fluffy-leaved, snow-  
coloured flower—

'All the mugs seem to  
set heaps o' store  
by—I sent a bit on  
to Bell Bower,

Though *she* would  
prefer a camelia.  
Bell ealls all them  
forren gals "cats";

Wonder what she'd ha' said to see *me* spooning round 'midst  
short skirts and long plaits!



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.

10.

They'd a bit of a Buy-a-broom flaviour, and seemed a mite  
wooden to kiss;

But a gal's a gal all the world hover. In Switzerland, 'Arry  
is Swiss.

Yus, the country of Shallys and Shammys is jest a bit trying,  
no doubt;

But there's larks to be 'ad near Mong Blong, if a party  
knows what he's about.

11.

'Ad enough on it arter a fortnit, though. Scenery's all  
mighty fine,

But too much of yer  
Halpine Club bizness  
is boko, and not in  
*my* line.

I remember them Caffys,  
dear boy, *Roo der*  
*Caire* and the Tower,  
so, thinks I,

Slippin' 'ome I'll take  
France on the way,  
and go in for a bit of  
a fly.

12.

I done Parry a treat,  
mate, this time. 'Ad  
a ride in the Bor der  
Boolong;



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.





Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.

You may see, by the sketch I’ve inclosed, as I came out perticular strong.

It is honly hus English *can* ride. Frogs ain’t in it *ah shovel*, yer know.

They in fack always fails in *Ler Sport*, though they gives Bull a lead at *Ler Bo*!

13.

*L’Horloge* ain’t arf bad. Snakes! *sech* voices! The cackle and gag, too, fustrate;

My Parisian pal ‘elped me out, but my larf was sometimes a bit late,  
And so flummoxed the Frenchies a few; one old chap in blue blouse and cropped hair  
Must ha’ thought me a walking conundrum, to judge by his thunderstruck stare.

14.

I was togged in stror ‘at and striped flannels; I’d ‘ad the straight tip from a chum;  
I cried, “Beast!”—that’s the French for Hangore, quite O.K., though I own it sounds rum,  
I gave mouth to the *Pa-ta-ta* chorus, I slapped the Garsonq on the back;  
And, sez I, “*Say ler* jolliest lark, *que jay roo poor kelk tom*, that’s a fack!”

15.

Don’t fancy he twigged, not percisely. But, lor’, them French waiters *is* snide,  
With their black Heton jackets, white aprons, and trim “mutton chopper” each side,  
At the Caffys, dear boy, ‘arter twelve, it’s a wonder to see ‘em waltz round  
With a tray-full of syrups and strors, with no spillings, and ‘ardly a sound.

16.

Bit confusing at fust, the French lingo; their posters an’ cetrer looks rum,



Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.

And you’ve got to be fly to their meaning afore you can make the thing hum.

I kep’ on button-holing old buffers to find out my way about town,

And sailed briskly along fur as “*Esker—*?” when, ‘ang it! I mostly broke down.

17.

*Esker roo*, with a gurgle to follow, don’t fetch ‘em, these Frenchies, not much; “*Conny par*” comes a great deal too often, and then a cove feels out of touch.

If you want to make love, find yer way, or keep check on the nuggets you spend,  
You must put in the patter O. K., mate, or somehow you come out wrong end.

18.

‘Ad a turn at the old *Expersition*, bid one larst good-bye to the Tower,

And chikied *lar Rerpooblick* a bit for her luck in jest keepin’ in power.

The Bullanger boom was a fizzle. They say he’s mopped out; I dunnow;

But it wouldn’t surprise *me*, my pippin, to see him yet Bossing the Show.



Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.

19.

‘Owsomever, I’m back in Old England and Hislington ‘Ighway, dear boy.

‘Tisn’t Swiss by a lump, but a glass at the Hangel is wot I enjoy,

You don’t feel *at home*, arter all, at Chermoony, nor even in Parry,

And “‘Ome, sweet ‘Ome,” do come most sweetly, though on a haccordion, to

‘A R R Y.



## POOTY WOMEN.

♦♦



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

1.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I send ye the photers you arsked me to git,  
in your last.

They're a nice little lot, and no error; the pink of the swell  
and the fast;

Which the two nowadays is so mixed, it's no use to try  
drorin' the line.

There *is* parties as don't like the "blend," but their hum-  
buggin' notions ain't mine.

2.

I am nuts on rice gals, as you know; pooty faces, and  
figgers, and that,

Are things as I tumble to quick; I'm a 'ot 'un, mate, all  
round my 'at.

And I hold that this photygraff fakement is proper; it gives  
yer a peep

At a lot as you couldn't be fly to no otherways—not on the  
cheap.

3.

That's it, don't yer know! Done on canvas these prime  
'uns 'nd cost, oh! a pile.

But now, for a bob, you can twig 'em familiar like, doing a  
smile,

Or tipping the wink confidential, as if you wos one of their  
lot,

And figged out in wot they calls *dishabille*, took, I should  
say, when it's 'ot.

4.

The tip-tops are losing their stiffness; the grand highty-  
tighty don't pay;

Which is wot, as I've mentioned afore, is the 'opefullest mark  
of the day:

I'm a bit of a bloomin' feelosopher, Charlie, my boy, as you  
know,

And there's lots to be learned from the text of "One shillin a-  
piece, all this row."



Illustration from "Punch," by L. Sambourne.





Illustration from "Punch," by John Lecch.

5.

There's the Queen—*she* ain't much to be sure—and there's Bessie Bolair of the Cri. :

By Jingo, 'er bust is a buster, and hasn't she jest got a eye  
Then comes Mrs. Threestars, of Thingummy, one of the horter helict,  
And I'm blowed if she doesn't run Bessie a close 'un in figger and feet !

6.

"Mixed pickles," my boy, and no kid. Oh, I've got a whole pile at my den ;

They'd be flattered to hear the remarks when I'm trottin' 'em bout to our men.  
To git 'em, just like tea and srimps at a shillin' a 'cad for the lot,  
Is prime ; and it's kind of 'em Charlie, most kind of 'em, blest if it's not.





Illustration from "Punch," by John Lecch.

7.

In course their sole aim's to oblige *hus*; they earn't care  
a cuss for the cash.

With the batch as I sends yer per post you'll be able to cut  
quite a dash,

And astonish the rurals a few, as they mayn't be quite up to  
it yet,

With the sight of the town's latest *belle weeze-a-wee* with  
the *bally's* last pet.

8.

I've heard soapy sneakers protest, and  
declare the whole thing *infry dig*,  
But I think they 'ad best stow their ser-  
mons; I *do* 'ate a sport-spiling  
prig!

If the Swellesses *likes* to be looked at  
in attitoods yum-yum by *hus*,  
There's no gent with a taste 'nd object,  
though they hogled a 'undred times  
wus.

9.

Which they *can* cast sheep's eyes and  
no kid, the perfession don't touch  
'em at that,

But a pooty gal, gentle, or simple, as  
earn't use her glims is a flat.



Illustration from "Punch," by John Lecch.

It's that and the spicey-cut toggery fetches me, Charlie,  
that's poz,

And if you don't say werry much ditto, you ain't arf the  
'ot 'un you wos.

10.

"Pooty souls!" When I sits with my halbum, jest like  
that old bloke in the play,

(A nice cup o' tea *that* old Mirvey!) I feel as we're on the  
right lay.

—Don't know, as the tub-thumpers'  
spout, that the lion lies down with  
the lamb,

But Socierty's "lions," at least, wag  
their tails on the cheap, and *that's*  
jam.

11.

Wot the 'usbands and brothers thinks  
on it is more than yours truly can  
tell,

But I s'pose one must poeket some  
pride, if one's game is to smack of  
the Swell.

It ain't any use to go sticking up  
"private" on all o' your doors,

'Cos yer see if the public means twig-  
ging, sech posters it jolly soon  
floors.





Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

12.

The old "Privacy" game is played out, for Socierty's now  
a Big Show,  
And if you can't stand Trotting Out, you won't Score,  
clummie, not worth a blow.  
You've got to be "looked over," Charlie, yus, whether you're  
"strong men" or lords,  
And Swell Duchesses one of these days will 'ave models at  
Madam Two-swords!

13.

And wy not, my pippin? It's pleasant to give so much  
pleasure all round.  
Wot was Beauty made for? To be looked at! She knows  
it, too, that I'll be bound.  
Lor! didn't them Goddesses like it, perticular Venus, old  
pal?  
Yah! *she* didn't 'ide upon Ida from Paris. Not that sort of  
gal.

14.

Do yer mean to tell me them Greek ladies we all make  
so much of—in stone—  
Didn't know 'ow to tog for the market, or 'adu't good  
eyes of their own?  
Wosn't Fryknee a fair female masher, who, if she'd a blow  
on the beach,  
Knew as much about hankles and wind-foree as them  
pooty pets of John Leech?

15.

True, gals don't wear crinolines now, Charlie; that ain't no  
hodd's donteher know  
Like the lady in Longfellow's poem that know jest 'ow much  
they'd best show,  
And they'll show it somehow, bet your buttons! *I* don't  
wear peg-tops and long 'air  
But—I know 'ow to hogle the donas, though not with Tom  
Tit's gloomy stare.

16.

We're more thorough paced dashers, us Mashers, than  
Tommy, and if *I* was 'ot,  
On being in that there baleony, you bet I'd *be* there, like a  
shot,  
Cos wy? By the wave, in the ball-room, or jest wheresomever  
they be,  
Pooty women is there to be *looked at*, and *our* biz, dear boy,  
is to *see*!

17.

I say it's ene more to our side; shows the toffs give us  
credit for taste;  
And I flatter myself I've a heye for the turn of a hankle or  
waist:  
There is one in your lot jest my sort, *if* I made up my book  
for to marry;  
You see if you're able to spot 'er. Meanwhile, I'm

Yours, nobbily, 'ARRY.



## ON LAW AND ORDER.



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.

1.

DEAR CHARLIE,

Auseuse shaky scribble ; I'm writing this letter in bed.

Went down to the Square, mate,—last Sunday,—and got a rare clump on the 'ed.

Beastly shame, and no error, my pippin! *Me* cop it! It's too jolly rum.

When a reglar Primroser gits toko, one wonders wot *next* there will come.

2.

It wos all Bobby's blunder, in course ; Mister Burleigh and me was "mistook."

*I* went jest for a lark, nothink else, and wos quietly slinging my 'ook,

Wen a bit of a rush came around me, a truncheon dropped smaek on my nob,

And 'ere I ham, tucked up in bed, with a jug of 'ot spruce on the 'ob.

3.

'Ard lines, ain't it, Charlie, old hoyster ? A Barney's a Barney, dear boy,

And you know that a squeegee and a skylark is wot I did always enjoy.

A street-rush is somethink splendacious to fellers of sperrit like me,

But dints and diakkylum plaster will spile the best sport, dontcher see.

4.

Don't you fancy the "Hunemployed" bunkum has nobbled me ; not seeh a mug !

And as for O'Brien and his britchies, I'd keep *all* seeh jossers in jug.

No, no, Law and Horder's my motter, but wen a sprec's on 'Arry's there ;

And I thought, like a lot of the Swells, I should find one that day in the Square.

5.

Lord Mayor's Day with a scrimmage chucked in is a hopening too temptin' to miss.

More pertickler wen all in "the Cause"—Law and Horder, I mean, mate—like this.

I despises the Poor and the Spouters ; to see their 'eds jolly well broke

Is fun, but a bash on one's own—well, there, some how it spiles the whole joke.

6.

The Perlice wos too dashed hinderserminate, that's where it was, my dear boy ;

Wich they couldn't take *me* for a Paddy or 'unbugging "Out of Employ."



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.

When that cop got his hand on my collar he ought to 'ave knowed like a shot,

By the Astrykan only, that *I* wasn't one o' the Socherlist lot.



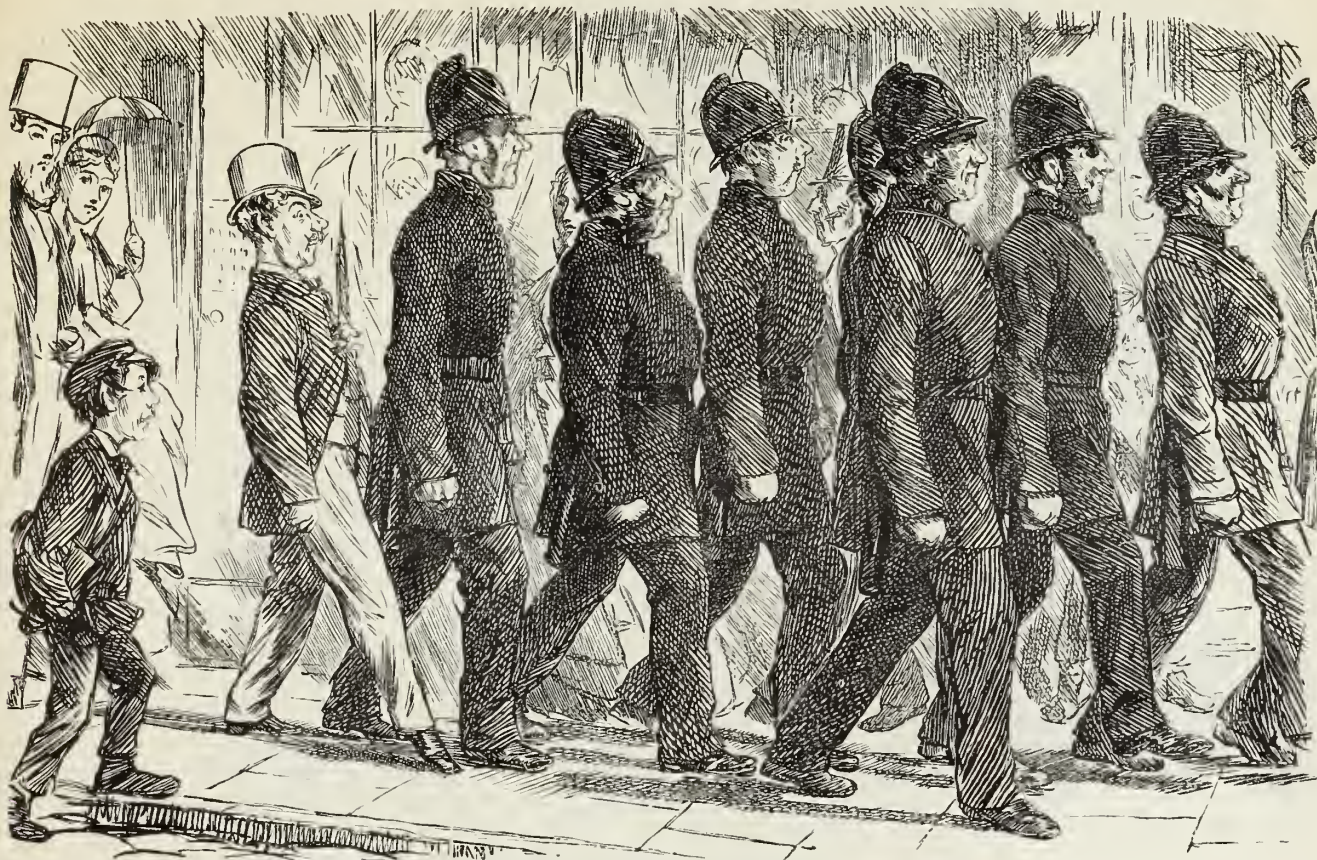


Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.

7.

I 'ate 'em, dear Charlie, I 'ate 'em ! They wants to stop  
piling the p.c.f.  
Wen that is wot every dashed one of us longs to be piling  
hisself.  
No, Wealth is wot *must* be kep up and pertected, wotever  
goes wrong ;  
And to talk of abolishing Millionaires, Charlie, *is* coming it  
strong.

8.

They are like prize Chrysanthemums, Charlie ; for, if you  
want *them*, don'tcher see,  
You must nip off some thousands of buds to let one or two  
swell and grow free.  
Jest you turn a lot loose in yer garden, and *that* ain't the  
way as they'll grow ;  
But if 'undreds weren't sacrificed daily to one, you would  
not get no Show.

9.

That's Life in a nutshell, my bloater ! All wants to be fust,  
bnt they can't ;  
Most on us is wasters ; the game of the snide un's to be a  
Prize Plant.  
Then you're mugged up to-rights and made much of, but,  
oh, you must be a big ass,  
If you fancies as daisies is dealt with like horchids, and  
grown under glass !

10.

Ask Gentleman Joe. *He* knows better, he's finding it out  
more and more,  
And his Radical rot about “ransom” won't turn up agen ;  
it don't score.  
“Law and Horder's” the tip I can tell yer. I'm on to it  
fairly for one,  
And there's only one thing I finds fault with ; they *do*  
rayther bunnick up Fun !

11.

If heverythink's on the Q.T., and a Peeler is always at  
'and—  
And *that's* Law and Horder you bet, as bekknown to the rich  
and the grand—  
It's O.K. for the 'olders of ochre, who, if they've a mind for  
a sprec,  
Can always palm-oil Mr. Peeler, and *do* it upon the Q.T.

12.

But hus, Charlie, hus ? I likes Horder, and likeways I'm  
partial to Law,  
Wen it means keeping *my* swim all clear, and a muzzling  
my henemy's jaw.  
Wy, nothink could easy be niecerer, then, don'tcher see, dear  
old pal ;  
But supposing that game interferes with *my* larks, or *my*  
lush, or *my* gal ?





Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.

13.

Local Hopshun, for instance, or Betting  
Laws, Prize Fight prevention, and such,  
That some mealy-mouthed mugs are so  
sweet on; if they cop us, life ain't wuth  
much.

Contrydicting myself? Oh, well, Charlie,  
I've seeh a blarmed pain in my 'ed,  
And life looks a queer sort of mix wen  
you boss the whole bizness from bed.

14.

But you *may* 'ave a bit too much Bobby!  
Slops *can* come a rush, and no kid;  
I once knew a "Copper's Nark," Charlie,  
old chap as earned many a quid  
By jackalling the Crushers at Court time;  
and if you got *him* on the beer,  
He could tell yer some "Tales of the  
Foree" as would make Monty Williams  
look queer.

15.

They looks pooty patrolling the cross-  
ings, and 'anding young ladies acrost,  
Or lassoing little dawgs, Charlie, or  
'elping poor kids as git lost,  
Awful kind to respectable "drunks" late  
at night when there's tips to be 'ad,  
But you give a cross Crusher the needle,  
and see where he'll land you, my lad!

16.

That is if you're poor, or won't "part," like lost  
gals, in the usual style.

Oh, a Bobby's a brave chap, no doubt, and most  
haffable—*when* on the smile,

But you run thwart his hinterests awkward, or give  
'im too much of your jaw,

And you'll find when he means 'aving Order,  
a Bobby can make 'is *own* Law!

17.

Dan the Dosser, who knows the Square well, 'aving  
slep in it night arter night,

Sez the Golden Calf safely railed in by the Law is  
a 'eavenly sight.

Acos Horder is 'Eaven's first Law, and, in conser-  
kense, Law Earth's first horder;

The Calf may sit safely hinside, whilst Scape-  
goats is kep hout of the border.

18.

I can't git the 'ang of his lingo; his patter's all  
pieter somehow,

And wot he quite means by that Calf, mate, I  
dunno no more than a cow,

But the Scapegoat, that's *him*, I suppose, and he  
looks it; it's rough, as he says;

No marbles, no lodging, no grub, and that sort o'  
thing kep up for days!



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.





Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.

19.

But the Scapegoats must not  
kick up shindies, and stop  
up our streets and our  
squares,  
That’s a moral. Perhaps  
there is grabbers as wants  
to swag more than their  
shares.

I ain’t nuts on sweaters myself,  
and I do ’ate a blood-suek-  
ing serew,

Who sponges and never stands  
Sam, and whose motto’s “all  
eop, and no blue.”

20.

Still, this ’ere blooming Han-  
archy, Charley, won’t do at  
no figger, dear boy.

A bit of a rorty romp round  
in the open a chap ean  
enjoy,



Illustration from “Punch,” by L. Sambourne.

But brickbats and hoyster-  
knives? Walker! Not on  
in that scene, mate, not me!  
And a bash on the nob with  
a baton is not *my* idea of  
a spree.

21.

To bonnet a lot of old blokes  
and make petticoats squeal  
is good biz,

But a Crusher’s ’ard knuckles  
a crunching yer serag? No,  
I’m blown if *that* is!

Let ’em swarm “in their  
thousands”—the mugs!—  
and their black and red flags  
let ’em carry;

But wen they are next on the  
job they will ’ave to look  
wide-oh! for

’ARRY.



## ON ANGLING.



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.

1.  
**D**EAR CHARLIE,  
 'Ow are yer, my arty, and 'ow does this  
 Summer suit *you*?  
 'Selp me never, old pal, it's a scorcher! *I* lap lemon-  
 squosh till all's blue,  
 And then feel as dry as a dust-bin. Want all Spiers  
 and Pond's upon trust,  
 For it do make a 'ole in the ochre to deal with a true  
 fust-class thust.

2.  
 But it's proper, dear boy, yus it's proper, this weather  
 is, took on the 'ole,  
 And for 'oliday outings and skylarks it sets a chap fair on  
 the roll.  
 Where d'yer think as I spent my last bust up? I know  
 you'd be out of the 'unt  
 If you guessed for a 'ole month o' Sundays. I passed it, old  
 pal, *in a punt*!

3.  
 "O Walker!" sez you, "that's 'is gammon!" No,  
 Charlie, it's righteous, dear boy.  
 It's quite true that to chivvy Thames hangers is  
 jest what we used to enjoy.  
 Rokerlek that old buffer at Richmond, and 'ow we  
 shoved foul of his swim,  
 And lost him a middlin'-sized barbel and set his  
 straw tile on the skim?

4.  
 Hangling isn't my mark, that's a moral, and fisher-  
 men mostly is fools;  
 To chaff 'em and tip 'em the kibosh is one of my  
 reglarest rules;  
 And it ain't our sort only as does it, you take the  
 non-anglers all round,  
 An' you'll find that in potting the puntist they're  
 'Arries right down to the ground.

5.  
 All our chieest stock-jokes and pet patter they  
 mops up like mugs as they are,  
 For they *might* cut their own chaff, eh, Charlie?  
 not borrow it all from the bar.  
 But I've seen little toffs in white weskits a slinging  
*our* lingo to-rights,  
 About colds, and cock-salmons, and shop 'uns; it's  
 one of the rummiest sights.

6.  
 Of course they all trot out Sam Johnson; you  
 know the fine crusted old wheeze.  
 I chucked it one day at a cove as lay stretched at  
 the foot of some trees.

"Fool at one end and worm at the other?" sez he. "Ah,  
 that's neat, and *so* new,  
 And as you seem to be worm *and* fool, one may say 'ex-  
 tremes meet,' Sir, *in you*."

7.  
 'Owsomever, I've 'ad a day's 'ooking at last, and it wasn't  
 arf bad.  
 You know since I turned Primrose Leaguer I've mixed with  
 the Toppers, my lad;  
 And one on 'em, pal of the Princee, I believe, got Jack Jolter  
 a pass  
 For some fine preserved waters; no pay, mate, and everythink  
 fixed up fust-class.

8.  
 Jack arsked me and Bell Bonsor to jine him, and seem' it  
 didn't mean tin,  
 And the 'ole thing seemed swell with good grubbing and  
 lots o' prime lotion chucked in,





Illustration from "Punch," by John Leech.

I was "on" like a shot.  
Bell's a bloomer, and  
Jack, though a bit of  
a jug,

Is too long in the purse  
to let slip; so the  
game looked all proper  
and snug.

9.

Jack's a straw-thatched  
young joker in gig-  
lamps, good-natured,  
and nuts on the  
sport.

He turns up with four  
rods and two bait-  
cans, and tackle of  
every dashed sort.

Such run-looking gim-  
cracks, my pippin;  
lines coiled up in  
boxes and books,

And live-bait, and  
worms all a-wriggle,  
and big ugly bunches  
of 'ooks.



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.

10.

I was a'most afraid to  
set down, for the  
things seemed all  
over the shop,

And Bell she kep startin'  
and squeakin', a-settin'  
me fair on the 'op;  
Fust a fish as dabbed  
flop on her 'at, then  
a 'ook as got snagged  
in 'er skirt,

It was one blessed  
squork all the time,  
mate, though nothink  
much 'appened to  
'urt.

11.

Pooty spot; sort o'lake  
green and windin', with  
nice quiet "swims"  
all about.

Though I must say I  
missed the Thames  
gammocks, the snide  
comic song, and the  
s'out.



No larks at the locks,  
no collisions, no land-  
ings for lotion, you  
know,  
And, but for Miss Bell  
and the bottle, it  
might a bin jest a bit  
slow.

12.

But the prog was A 1,  
and no kid. Though  
Jack stuck to his  
tackle like wax,  
Bell and me was soon  
stodging like winkles;  
that gal *did* make  
play with the snacks.  
“Strike!” cries Jack—  
“you’ve a bite!”  
“Yes, I know it,” sez  
I, with my mouth  
‘full of ‘am.  
“Wot do *you* think,  
Miss B.?”—and she  
larfed till ‘er cheeks  
wert like raspberry  
jam.



Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.

13.

“Strike!” sez I, “Wy  
you’re like the old  
worrier in Keene’s  
rummy eut, donteher  
know,

“Who called up the poor  
tackle merchant at  
three in the mornin’,  
ho! ho!

“To *strike*—at his own  
blooming sign, as was  
dangling in front of  
the shop.”

Larf! We made the  
whole place ring a-  
rouser, till Jolter im-  
plored us to stop.

14.

Jolter looked jest a  
mossel disgusted, and  
turned a bit rusty, for  
*him*,

When we made the punt  
rock in our romps,  
which he said was “dis-  
turbng the swim.”



Illustration from “Punch,” by John Leech.



And when he had hooked a fine perch, and Miss Bell made a dash at the line,  
And the fish flobbered back with a flop, Jack's escape from a cuss cut it fine.

15.

Then he pulled in his “trimmer,” and, scissors! a jolly big jack came aboard,

Wich flopped round us, and showed his sharp teeth, till Miss Bonsor went pasty, and roared.

Reg'lar shark; made a grab at my pants when I tried to cut in to Bell's aid;

And I'm blowed if she didn't turn raspy, and chaff me for being afraid.

16.

Arter this things appeared to go quisky; Bell's skirt 'ad got slimed, don'tcher see,

And she vowed it wasspiled, while Jack looked jest as though he could scrumpligate me.

So sez I, “Let us turn up this barney, and toddle ashore for some grub;”

And we pulled up the stone and the hanchor, and made a bee-line for our pub.

17.

The dinner soon smoothed down our feathers, though Jack 'ad a sad sort o' look.

Selfish fellows these hanglers are, Charlie, they can't keep their heye off the 'ook.

Bless yer 'art, 'cos we struck arter dinner, and chucked up the perch for a spree,

And took a turn round, me a pulling, that Jack looked as blue as could be.

18.

Your Angler's a mug, my dear Charlie, there ain't arf a doubt about that,

Leastways 'cept such chaps as I see, with a pipe and brown seal-skin cap,

As jest looked like Bill Sikes out a 'ooking. Sez I, “‘Gentle Craft,’ eh, old flick!”

Mister Sikes overheard me, I fancy, and didn't the language come thick?

19.

But a jossor who thinks it prime sport if he sits in a punt and succeeds

In dropping his 'ook pooty reglar and keeping it clear of the weeds;

Or who fancies hisself a fly-fisher, and 'ooks a old lady's stror 'at,—

Wy I say they are fair sarm duffers, and reglar top-row 'uns at that.

20.

They're general butts, my dear Charlie. A Pat with a ragged Caubeen,

Will know that a bloke with a basket and 'ooks round 'is 'at must be green,



Illustration from “Punch,” by Linley Sambourne





Illustration from “Punch,” by C. du Maurier.

And Sandy will sniff out the soft in a Saxon as carries a  
rod,  
And if he ain't kidded and coddled arf out of 'is life, wy it's  
hodd.

21.

We chaffed poor young Jolter, a good 'un. Miss Bell and  
yours truly got thiek,  
Wen I told 'er 'er lips was true “spoon”-bait, *she* twigged  
wot I meant pooty quick.  
“Oh, I earn't abide anglers,” she whispered, “they're flabby  
and cold like their fish,  
'Ow I wish Jack would jest sling 'is 'ook, and leave hus,—  
well, *you* know wot I wish.”

22.

“Oh, I'm fly, dear,” sez I, with a 'ug. So I nobbled the  
Guard with a tip,

And we managed to nip in fust-class, and so gave Master  
Jolter the slip.

It give 'im the needle in course, being left in the lurch in  
this way,

But the petticoats know wot is wot, and so wot's your true  
dasher to say?

23.

Jack 'as cut me since then at the “Primrose Club,” bust 'im !  
*I* don't care a toss ;

Your angler is *always* a juggins, so *he's* no pertikler big loss.  
Bell Bonsor is mashed on me proper, and *if* I'd a fancy to  
marry,—

But *if* there's a fish as *ain't* easy to 'ook it's

Yours faithfully,

'ARRY.



## ON A 'OUSE BOAT.



Illustration from "Punch," by J. F. Partridge.

1.

EAR CHARLIE,

It's 'ot, and no error! Summer on us, at last with a bust;  
Ninety odd in the shade as I write, I've a 'ed, and a thunderin' thust.  
Can't go on the trot at this temprytur, though I'm on 'oliday still;  
So I'll pull out my *eskrytor*, Charlie, and give you a touch of my quill.

2.

If you find as my fist runs to size, set it down to that quill, dear old pal;  
Correspondents is on to me lately, eomplains as I write like a gal,  
Sixteen words to the page, and slopserawly, all dashes and blobs.  
Well, it's true;  
But a quill and big sprawl is the fashion, so wot is a feller to do?

3.

Didn't spot you at 'Enley, old man—I did 'ope as you'd shove in your oar.  
We 'ad a rare barney, I tell you, although a bit spiled by the pour.  
'Ad a invite to 'Opkins's 'Ouse-boat, prime pitch, and swell party, yer know,  
Pooty girls, first-class gargle, and music. I tell yer we did let things go.

4.

Who sez 'Enley ain't up to old form, that Society gives it the slip?  
Wish you could 'ave seen us—and heard us—old boy, when aboard of our ship.  
Peonies and poppies ain't in it for colour with our little lot,  
And with larfter and banjos permiskus we managed to mix it up 'ot.

5.

My blazer was claret and mustard, my "stror" was a rainbow gone wrong;  
I ain't one who's ashamed of his colours, but likes 'em mixed middlingish strong.  
'Emmy 'Opkins, the fluffy-'aired daughter, a dab at a punt or canoe,  
Said I looked like a garden of dahlias, and showed up her neat navy blue.

6.

Fair mashed on yours truly, Miss Emmy; but that's only jest by the way,  
'Arry ain't one to brag of *bony four tunes*: but wot I was wanting to say  
Is about this here "spiling the River" which snarlers set down to our sort.  
Bosh! Charlie, extreme Tommy rot! It's these sniffers as want to spile sport.

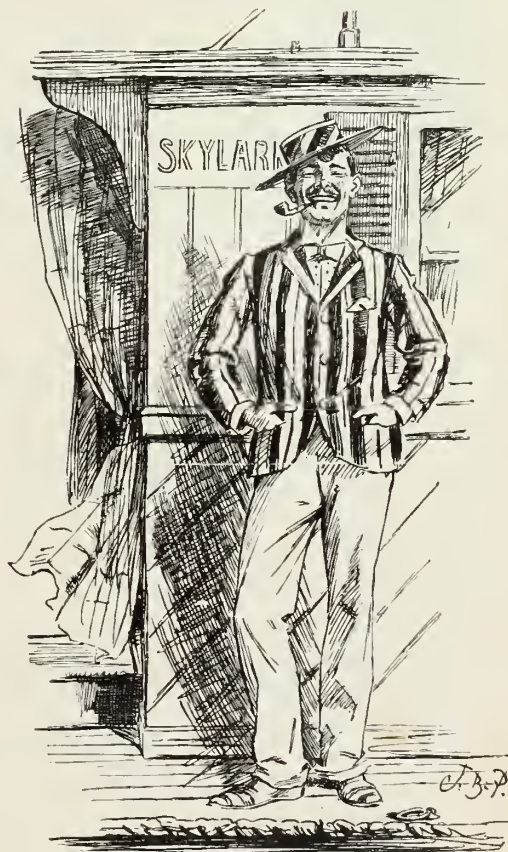


Illustration from "Punch," by J. B. Partridge.





Illustration from "Punch," by A. C. Corbould.

7.

Want things all to themselves, these old jossers, and all on  
the strictest Q. T.  
Their idea of the Thames being "spiled" by the smallest  
suggestion of spree,  
Wy it's right down rediklus, old pal, gives a feller the  
ditherums, it do.  
I mean going for them a rare bat, and I'm game to wire in  
till all's blue.

8.

Who are they, these stuckuppy snipsters, as jaw about quiet  
and peace,  
Who would silence the gay "constant-screamer" and line  
the Thames banks with perlice;  
Who sneer about "'Arry at 'Enley," and sniff about "eads  
on the course,"  
As though it meant "Satan in Eden"? I'll 'owl at sich  
oafs till I'm 'oarse!

9.

Scrap o' sandwich-greased paper 'll shock 'em, a ginger-beer  
bottle or "Bass,"  
Wot 'appens to drop 'mong the lilies, or gits elncked aside  
on the grass,  
Makes 'em gasp like a frog in a frying-pan. Br-r-r-r! Wot  
old mivvies they are!  
Got nerves like a cobweb, I reckon, a smart Banjo-twang  
makes 'em jar.

10.

I'm Toffy, you know, and no flies, Charlie; swim with the  
swells, and all that,  
But I'm blowed if this bunkum don't make me inclined to  
turn Radical rat.  
"Riparian Rights," too! Oh Scissors! They'd block the  
Backwaters and Broads,  
Because me and my pals likes a lark! Serve 'em right if  
old Burns busts their 'oards!

11.

Rum blokes, these here Soshelist spouters! There's Dannel,  
the Dosser, old chap,  
As you've 'eard me elude to afore. Fair stone-broker, not  
wuth 'arf a rap,—  
Knows it's all Cooper's ducks with *him*, Charlie; won't run  
to a pint o' four 'arf,  
And yet he will slate me like sugar, and give me cold beans  
with his charf.

12.

Sez Dannel—and dash his darned cheek, Charlie!—"Mon-  
keys like you"—meaning *Me*!—  
"Give the latter-day Mammon his chance. Your idea of a  
lark or a spree  
Is all Noise, Noodle-Nonsense, and Nastiness! Dives, who  
wants an excuse  
For exclusiveness, finds it in *you*, you contemptible coarse-  
eackling goose!



13.

“ Riparian rights? That’s the patter of Ahab to Naboth,  
of course ;  
But ’tis pickles like you make it plausible, louts such as  
you give it force.  
You make sweet Thames reaches Gehennas, the fair Norfolk  
Broads you befoul ;  
You—you, who’d make Beulah a hell with your blatant  
Bank Holiday howl !

14.

“ Decent property-owners abhor you ; you spread your  
coarse feasts on their lawns,  
And ’Arry’s a hog when he feeds, and an ugly Yahoo when  
he yawns ;  
You litter, and ravage, and cock-shy ; you romp like a satyr  
obscene,  
And the noise of you rises to heaven till earth might blush  
red through her green.

15.

“ You are moneyed, sometimes, and well-tailored ; but come  
you from Oxford or Bow,  
You’re a flaring offence when you lounge, and a blundering  
pest when you row ;  
Your ‘monkeyings’ mar every pageant, your shindyings  
spoil every sport,  
And there isn’t an Eden on earth but’s destroyed when it’s  
’Arry’s resort.

16.

“ Then monopolist Mammon may chuckle, Riparian Ahabs  
rejoice ;  
There’s excuse in your Caliban aspect, your hoarse and ear-  
torturing voice,  
You pitiful Cockney-born Cloten, you slum-bred Silenus,  
’tis you  
Spoil the silver-streamed Thames for Pan-lovers, and all the  
nymph-worshipping crew ! ”

17.

I’ve “reported” as near as no matter ! I don’t hunderstand  
more than ’arf  
Of his patter ; he’s preciously given to poetry and classicaal  
charf.  
But the cheek on it, Charlie ! A Stone-broke ! I *should*  
like to give him wot for,  
Only Dannel the Dosser’s a dab orf of whom t’ain’t so easy  
to score.

18.

But it’s time that this bunkum was bunnicked, bin fur too  
much on it of late—  
Us on ’Opkins’s ’Ouse-boat, I tell yer, cared nix for the ink-  
spiller’s “ slate.”  
I mean doin’ them Broads later on, for frce fishing and  
shooting, that’s flat.  
If I don’t give them dash’d Norfolk Dumplings a doing, I’ll  
eat my old ’at.

19.

Rooral quiet, and rest, and  
refinement ? Oh, let ’em go  
home and eat coke,  
These fussy old footlers whose  
’airstands on hend at a row-  
de-dow joke,  
The song of the skylark sounds  
pooty, but “ skylarking ”  
song’s better fun,  
And you carn’t do the rooral  
to-rights on a tract and a  
tuppenny bun.

20.

As to colour, and kick-up, and  
sing-song, our party was fair  
to the front ;  
But we wosn’t alone ; lots of  
toppers, in ’Ouse-Boat, or  
four-oar, or punt,  
Wos a doin’ the rorty and rosy  
as lively as ’Opkins’s lot,  
Ah ! the swells sling it out pooty  
thick ; *they* ain’t stashed by  
no ink-spiller’s rot.

21.

Bright blazers, and twingle-twang banjoes, and bottles of  
Bass, my dear boy,  
Lots of dashing, and splashing, and “ mashing ” are things  
every man must enjoy,  
And the petticoats ain’t fur behind ’em, you bet. While  
top-ropes I can carry,  
It ain’t soapboard slop about “ Quiet ” will put the clear  
kibosh on

’ARRY.



Illustration from “ Punch,”  
by J. B. Partridge.



## ON THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH,



Illustration from "Punch," by J. P. Atkinson

3.  
 'Owsomever, I'm mucked, that's a moral. This doosid dead-  
 set against Wealth  
 Is a sign o' the times as looks orkud, and bad for the  
 national 'ealth.  
 Their ain't nothink the nob's is fair nuts on but wot these  
 'ere bellerers ban.  
 Wy, they're down upon Sport, now, a pelter. Perposterous,  
 ain't it, old man?

4.  
 Bin a reading Fred 'Arrison's kibosh along o' "The Feast of  
 St. Grouse,"  
 On the "Glorious Twelfth," as he calls it; wen swells is  
 fair shut of the 'Ouse,  
 Its Obstruction, and similar 'orrors, in course they hikes off  
 to the Moors.  
 Small blame to 'em, Charlie, small blame to 'em, spite of  
 the prigs and the boors!

5.  
 Yet this 'Arrison he sets *his* back up. Dry smug as can't  
 'andle a gun,  
 I'll bet Marlboro' 'Ouse to a broomstick, and ain't got no  
 notion of Fun.  
 "Loves the Moors much too well for to carry one;" that's  
 wot *he* says, sour old sap!  
 Bet my boots as he can't 'it a 'aystack at twenty yards rise  
 —eh, old chap?

1.  
**D**EAR CHARLIE,  
 No Parry for me, mate, not this  
 season leastways—wus luck!  
 At the shop I'm employed in at present, the  
 hands has all bloomin' well struck.  
 It's hupset all our 'olidays, Charlie, and as to  
 my chance of a rise  
 Wot do *you* think, old pal! I'm fair flum-  
 moxed, and singing, *Oh, what a sur-  
 prise!*

2.  
 These strikes is becoming rare noosances,  
 dashed if they ain't, dear old boy.  
 They're all over the shop, like Miss Zao,  
 wot street-kids seems so to enjoy.  
 Mugs' game! They'll soon find as the  
 marsters ain't goin' to be worried and  
 welched,  
 And when they rob coves of their 'olidays,  
 'ang it, they ought to be squeched.

6.  
*Him* sweet on the heather, my pippin, or partial to feather  
 and fur,  
 So long as yer never *kills* nothink? Sech tommy-rot gives  
 me the spur.  
 Yah! Scenery's all very proper, but where is the genuine  
 pot  
 Who'd pad the 'oof over the Moors, if it weren't for the  
 things to be shot?

7.  
 "This swagger about killing birds is mere cant," sez this  
 wobbling old wag.  
 From Arran he'd tramp to Dunrobin without the least  
 chance of a bag!  
 "Peaceful hills," that's his patter, my pippin; no gillies,  
 no luncheons, no game!  
 Wy, he ought to be tossed in a blanket; it fills a true  
 Briton with shame.

8.  
 No Moors for yours truly, wus luck! It won't run to it,  
 Charlie, this round;  
 But give me my gun, and a chance, and I'll be in the swim,  
 I'll be bound.  
 I did 'ave a turn some years back, though I only went out  
 with 'em once,  
 And I shot a bit wild, as was likely, fast off, though yer  
 mayn't be a dunce.





Illustration from “Punch,” by John Leech.

9.

But the togs, Charlie! Cut-away coat and a topper do tire  
you a bit,  
When you freeze to 'em all the year round, 'cept the few  
weeks you're fair on the flit.  
That's the wust of a hoffice-stool, Charlie, although it means  
two quid a week,  
Gaffers do draw the line so at “mixtures, and billycocks.”  
Like their dashed cheek!

10.

Mine rucked when I turned up in trousers big black and  
white pattern in checks,  
And a new Norfolk jacket in plum-colour. “Hello, young  
man!” sez old Jecks,  
“You're a mixture of convict and chessboard! We can't  
have that sort o' thing here.”  
I believe the old buffer was jealous! he thought I dressed  
“out of my sphere.”

11.

But to trot to your tailor, quite airy, and horder “a soot  
for the Moors,”  
Wy it makes yer feel 'evenly, Charlie, as big, ah! as all out  
of doors.  
Sez I, “'eather-coloured and heasy, as rough as yer like,  
and *ong sweet*.  
“For I'm horf for a pop at the birds, Parks, and want you  
to turn me hout neat!”

12.

He *did*! I saw several fair startlers in bags, spots and  
stripes, blobs and gobs,  
But not one so *rekerky* as mine, as most on 'em was sported  
by snobs.  
Such bounders, dear boy, as shoot *at* you, or claim every bird  
as you drop.  
Oh, a cad on the Moors *is* a noosance, as ought to be kep to  
his shop.

13.

My rig out was a pieter they told me—deer-stalker and  
knickers O. K.—  
“Briggs, Junior,” a lobsculler called me; I wasn't quite fly  
to his lay;  
But Briggs or no Briggs I shaped spiffin, 'magenta-and-mud-  
colour checks.  
Ah! them Moors is the spots for cold Irish, and gives yer  
the primest of pecks.

14.

Talk of sandwiges, Charlie, oh seissors, I'd soon ha' cleaned  
out Charing Cross,  
With St. Pancrust and Ludgit chucked in; fairly hopened  
the eye of the boss;  
Him as rented the shootings, yer know, big dry-salter in  
Thames Street. Bit warm  
In his langwige occasional, Charlie, but 'arty and reglar  
good form.



15.

Swells will pal in most anywhere now on the  
 chance of a gratis Big Shoot,  
 And there *was* some Swells with hus, I tell yer, I  
 felt on the good gay galoot,  
 But I fancy I got jest a morsel serewdnoodleous  
 late in the day,  
 For I peppered a bloke in the breeks; he swore  
 bad, but 'twas only his play.

16.

Bagged a brace and a arf, I did, Charlie; not bad  
 for a novice like me.  
 Jest a bit blown about the fust two; wanted  
 gathering up like, yer see.  
 A bird do look best with his 'ed on, dear boy, as a  
 matter of taste;  
 And the gillies got jest a mite seoffy along of my  
 natural 'aste.

17.

Never arsked me no more, for some reason. But  
 what I would say is this here,  
 'Arry's bin in this boat in his time, as in every  
 prime lark pooty near,  
 And when 'Arrison talks blooming bunkum, with  
 hadjectives spiey and strong,  
 About Sport being stoopid, and noisy, and vulgar;  
 wy, 'Arrison's wrong!



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.



Illustrations from "Punch," by J. P. Atkinson.





Illustration from "Punch," by J. P. Atkinson.

18.

He would rather shoot broken-down cab-horses,—so the mug tells us—than birds.  
Well, they're more in his line very likely; that means, in his own chosen words,  
He's more fit for a hammytoor knacker than for that great boast of our land,  
A true British Sportsman! Great Scott! It's a taste as I *can't* understand.

19.

Fact is this here Fred is a Demmyerat, Positivist, and all that. There's the nick o' the matter, the reason of all this un-English wild chat.  
He is down on the Aristos, Charlie, this 'Arrison is. It's the Court  
And the pick o' the Peerage Sport nobbles, and that's wy he sputters at Sport.

20.

All a part of the game, dear old pal, the dead-set at the noble and rich.  
'Smart people' are 'Sports,' mostly always, and 'Arrison slates them as sich.  
'Ate's killing of "beautiful creatures," and spiling "the Tummel in spate"  
With "drives," champagne luncheons, and gillies? *That's* not wot sich slab dabbers 'ate.

21.

It's "Privileged Classes," my pippin, they loathes. Yer can't own a big Moor,  
Or even rent on like my dry-salter friend, if yer 'umble and poor.  
Don't 'Arrison never *eat* grouse? Ah, you bet, much as ever he'll carry.  
There's "poz" for a Positivist, mate, there's 'Arrison kiboshed by

'ARRY.



Illustration from "Punch," by J. P. Atkinson.



## ON MARRIAGE.



Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

As you know, with the ladies all round; can't  
resist me, the sweet little dears;  
But 'look on to one? Not me, Charlie: leastways,  
I should 'ope not for years.

3.

True, I did take her out on the trot, and I stood  
her a bottle o' fizz,  
For old Suddlewig's "warm," and parts free, so  
I thought as it might mean good biz.  
More by token I dropped on that waiter; "Champ-  
agne, and look slippy," sez I;  
When he gives us a look up and down, like, and  
answers me short, "Yessir! Dry!"

4.

I was dry, and no error, dear boy, and Miss Meg  
'ad a throat like 'ot chalk;  
But I never stand questions from eads, so I jolly  
soon put on the banlk.  
"Lor, 'Arry, you can shunt 'em up," sez Miss Meg,  
with a sort of a blush;  
"Ah! you always may know a true swell by 'is  
stare, and 'is power to *crush*!"

5.

Got that from the "Journal," I reckon; but any-  
how, 'tisn't fur out;  
Easy hairs and sharp words squelch the snobs.  
Meg's O.K., and knows what she's about.  
But, as I remarked to a toffess I once met at  
Tennis, old flick,  
"Since there's heaps to be 'ad for the asking, my  
mutter is patience and pick."

6.

Run in blinkers at my time of life? Try the tandem with  
*me* in the shafts?  
Not likely! I likes a short run with the trimmest of tight  
little crafts;  
But one consort all over the course like, is not 'Arry's form  
by a lump;  
'Ow could you emagine, dear boy, as yours truly 'ad gone  
off his chump?

7.

Is Marriage a failure, my pippin? "Oh, ask me another,"  
sez you;  
"That kibosh 'as 'ad a long innings, and wants yorking  
out." Werry true!

1.

DEAR CHARLIE,

Your larst *wos* a lark; gave me fits and no  
error, o'd pal.  
You've 'eard 'Arry was 'looked after all, and engaged to old  
Suddlewig's gal?  
Come now! who are yer gettin' at, can't yer? *Me* make  
up to Carrotty Meg?  
Are you on the mug-lumbering lay, or has someone bin  
pulling *your* leg?

2.

Who give you *that* orfice, dear boy? It is wonderful rum,  
swelp me bob,  
'Ow these 'ere sort o' things git about. Fact is, Charlie,  
I'm fair on the job,



The “D.T.” is a regular mug-trap, there isn’t a doubt about that,  
But you must ha’ bin reading it, Charlie, to go and book me for a flat.

8.

“Is Marriage a failure?” old mivvies are asking. Of course that depends ;



Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.

But a dashing young feller like me, with good looks, and good ‘ealth, and good friends,  
Knows a trick that’s worth two on it, Charlie. While life goes on nutty and nice,

And the ochre slings in pooty slick, it is blooming bad bizness to splice.

9.

Look at swells! *They* ain’t in no dashed ‘urry to church theirselves out of good fun ;  
And wy? Clear as mud, my dear feller! The cash keeps em’ fair on the run.

When they do get stone-broke prema-toor like, as ‘appen it may to the best,

Then they looks for a Missus with money, and rucks in along o’ the rest.

10.

But the ruck is no place for a racer as hasn’t yet parted with pace,  
Ain’t aged, nor yet turned a roarer,

but still ‘as a chance of the race.  
While a hoss can find backers, dear boy, it will run if it’s got any blood,

And when *no* ‘andieapping won’t land it, it’s time then to go to the stud.

11.

I mean ‘aving a run for my money ;  
no ‘arness and nosebag for me ;

Leastways not at present, my pippin ; I like to feel rorty and free,

And the gals likes it too, I can tell yer ; lor’ bless yer, if I did a splice

D’yer think I should be so much sought for, or found arf as jolly and nice ?

12.

Wot mucks me, old man, is the manner in which a chap gets the off-shunt

As soon as he’s labell’d “engaged,” and so ‘eld to be out of the ‘unt.

He may be jest as nice as Jemimer, all flare-up, and every-think fly,  
But when once he gits wot’s called *feconsay*, the gals jolly soon do a guy !





Illustration from "Punch," by G. du Maurier.

13.

If this 'ere tommy-rot got about, mate—I mean my engagement to Meg,—  
It 'ud spile 'Arry's game with the gals wus than fits or a dashed wooden leg.  
No; it's "I'd be a butterfly," Charlie, with me, for a long time to come;  
Married life may be ticketed honey, but I know it's more of a hum.

14.

"Spoons" is proper; the best barney out, mate; but marriage—that brings knife-and-fork.  
Fancy carving for five, plus the Missus! I tell you, old pal, it means *work*.  
You remember Bob Binks—a rare dasher! fair filberts he was on a spree,  
Now he 'as to grub seven, all told, and he ain't five year older than me.

15.

Met him yesterday, Charlie. "Well, Bobbie, 'ow trots it, my topper?" sez I.  
"Trot, 'Arry," sez he, "ain't the word; 'ardly rims to the crawl of a fly."

He'd a *hapron* on, Charlie, and kicksies as must ha' been out by his wife,  
Him as used to sport Kino's best dittos *on week days*! And that's married life!

16.

"Wot, *is* Marriage a failure?" I chuckles. "Oh, cheese it, old feller!" sez Bob,  
And—he swore 'twas a cold in the 'ead, but I'm blowed if it wasn't a sob.  
"Seven mouths, and six weeks out of work, mate! In Queer Street, and cleared of the quids!  
I should just make a 'ole in the water, if 'tworn't for the wife and the kids."

17.

I stood him a lotion, poor beggar; he'd stood me a lot in his time,  
For I was jest fresh on the war-path when Bobbie was fair in his prime.  
Great Scott, wot a patter he 'ad, and a mouth on 'im, ah! like the doose;  
And now he wears old 'ome-made bags, and can 'ardly say bo to a goose.



18.

“The kids is the *crux* of the question,” says Mrs. Lynn Linton. In course!

Bobbie Binks could ha’ told her that, Charlie, and put it with dollops more force.

She’s a-teaching ’er grandmother, she is, although she’s a littery swell,

And as to “the State” steppin’ in, yah! the State knows its book fur too well.

19.

If the country took care of the kids, and divorce was made easy all round,

Wy, *I’d* marry, mate, early and often, and so would lots more, I’ll be bound.

But, oh my, wot a mix, my dear Charlie! Free Love and Free Contract? Oh, yus!

The Guvment as Grandmother’s dear, mate, but wot would it cost as a Nuss?

20.

In one thing, old pal, I go pairs with this Mrs. Lynn Linton exact.

She sez it’s a—let’s see, wot is it?—a “physiological fact”

That some chaps who’re fair flamers as lovers, are failures as ’usbands. That’s me!

So I mean spooning round like permiskus, and Mrs. L. L. would agree.

21.

Whether man’s poly—wot’s it?—by nature, I’m blowed if I know, my dear boy,

But a man, if he isn’t a juggins, makes fair for one mark—to enjoy.

If I was a Toff and ’ad tin, I should do as the Toffs do, no doubt.

Yank on to one gal, a fair screamer, and yet keep my ogles about.

22.

That’s wot I call genuine yum-yum, fair rations all round, and no kid;

But it’s doosed expensive, dear boy, and not done on a couple of quid.

Ah! a lot of highflyers is spiked for the want of the ochre, wus luck!

Wot’s the good of a way with the women all round, when a cove’s got the chuck?

23.

No, Charlie, the dowly-domestic, pap-bowls, p’ramberlators, and that,

Is not *my* idea of the rosy, so Meg don’t ’ook *me* for a flat.

If it ever *should* run to a Wife, and—well, trimmings, perhaps I may marry,

But till I can splice *ah lah* Toff, Charlie, no double-’arness for

‘ARRY.



Illustration from “Punch,” by G. du Maurier.



## ON IMITATION.



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.

4.  
Look at Dickens, dear boy, and Lord Tennyson—ain't they  
bin copied all round?  
Wy, I'm told some as liked Alfred's verses at fust, is now  
sick of the sound;  
All along o' the parrots, my pippin. Ah, that's jest the  
wust o' sech fakes!  
People puke at the shams till they think the originals ain't  
no great shakes.

5.  
'Tain't fair, Charlie, not by a jugful, but anger's all fiddle-  
de-dee;  
They may copy my style till all's blue, but they won't  
discombobulate me.  
Names and metres is anyone's props; but of one thing they  
don't get the 'ang;  
They ain't fly to good patter, old pal, they ain't copped the  
straight gri lin on slang.

1.  
**D**EAR CHARLIE,  
Your faviouir to 'and in doo course as  
the quill-drivers say;  
Likeways also the newspaper cuttins enclosed.  
You're on Rummikey's lay.  
Awful good on yer, Charlie, old ehmmmy, to take  
so much trouble for me;  
But *do* keep yer 'air on, dear pal; *I* am still  
right end uppard, yer see.

2.  
You are needled along of some parties,—er course  
you ain't fly to their names,—  
As has bin himitating Yours Truly. Way-oh!  
It's the oldest o' games,  
Himitation is, Charlie. It makes one think Darwin  
was right, anyhow,  
And that most on us did come from monkeys,  
which some ain't so fur from 'em now.

3.  
You start a smart game, or a paying one—some-  
thing as knocks 'em, dear boy,  
No matter, mate, whether it's mustard, or rhymes,  
or a sixpenny toy;  
They'll be arter you, nick over nozzle, the smug-  
gers of notions and nips,  
For the mugs is as 'ungry for wrinkles as broken-  
down bookies for tips.

6.  
'Tisn't grammar and spellin' makes patter, nor yet snips  
and snaps of snide talk.  
You may cut a moke out o' pitch-pine, mate, and paint it,  
but can't make it walk.  
You may chuck a whole Slang Dixonary by chunks in a  
stodge-pot of chat,  
But if 'tisn't *alive* 'tain't chin-music, but kibosh, and corpsey  
at that.

7.  
Kerreetness be jolly well jiggered! Street slang isn't  
Science, dear pal,  
And it don't need no "glossery" tips to hinterpret my chat  
to my gal.  
I take wot comes 'andy permiskus, wot'ever runs slick and  
fits in,  
And when smugs makes me out a "philolergist,"—snuffers!  
it do make me grin!





Illustration from “Punch,” by C. Keene.

8.

Still there's fitness, dear boy, and *unfitness*, and some of these jossers, jest now,  
Who himitate 'Arry's few letters with weekly slap-dabs of bow-wow,  
'Ave about as much “fit” in their “slang” as a slop-tailor's six-and-six bags.  
No, Yours Truly writes only to you, and don't spread *his-self* out in the Mags.

9.

'Arry's bin on the *tappy* for years, Charlie, long ere Yours Truly was born.  
Didn't Leech 'ave a go at 'im often, and Keene 'old 'is cad up to scorn,  
'Arry's infant merstarch was made fun of soon arter the Crimean War,  
When began “The Great Beard Movement,” Charlie. Them picters upon me *do jar*.

10.

But there's 'Arries and 'Arries, old oyster. You jest take a trot through your “Punch,”  
And the way my name's 'andled, old pardner, will set your teeth fair on the scrunch,  
'Arry's 'at, 'Arry's beard, 'Arry's aitches! You'll nee lle and say “it's too bad!”  
But there's this to remember, my pippin, the 'Arry of old was a Cad!

11.

Moresomecover, my boy, the old 'Arry—I do not clude to Old Nick—  
Wos the butt of the artists and writers, who slanged him and made him eat stick.  
But *that* 'Arry is “planted,” my pippin, or married and put on the shelf.  
*I'm* young 'Arry, the gent of the period, and, wot's more, *I speak for myself!*

12.

My letters to you, mate, are Me, as I ham, and they tell their own tale.  
Yus, that's where the newness comes in, and I don't git the 'ump or go pale  
Becos old writers chi-iked my namesake, or new writers himitate me.  
That's wy, when I'm slated, my pippin, I take the 'ole thing as a spree.

13.

Mister PUNCH prints my letters, occasional, once in a while like, dear boy;  
For patter's like love-letters, Charlie, too long and too frequent, they cloy.  
I agree there with Samivel Veller. My echoes I've no wish to stop,  
But I'd jest like to say 't isn't *me* as is slopping all over the shop.



Illustration from “Punch,” by John Leech



14.

It do give me the ditherums, Charlie, it makes me feel  
quite quisby snitch,  
To see the fair rush for a feller as soon as he's found a good  
pitch.  
Jest like anglers, old man, on the river ; if one on 'em spots  
a prime swim,  
And is landing 'em proper, you bet arf the others 'll crowd  
about *him*.

Never mind their shenanigan, Charlie ; it don't do much  
'urt, anyhow ;  
I was needled a trifle at fust, but I'm pooty scroodnoodleons  
now.

17.

I'm all right and a arf, mate, I am, and ain't going to rough  
up, no fear !  
Beecos two or three second-hand 'Arries is tipping the public  
stale beer.



Illustration from "Punch," by C. Keene.

15.

But there's law for the rodsters, I'm told, Charlie ; so many  
foot left and right ;  
And you'll see the punts spotted at distance, like squadrons  
of troops at a fight.  
But in Trade, Art, and Littery lines, Charlie, 'anged if  
there's any fair play,  
And the "cullerable himitation" is jest the disgrace of  
the day.

16.

Sech scoots scurryfunging around on the gay old galoot, to  
go snacks  
In the profits of other folks' notions, have put yon, old pal,  
in a wax.

The old tap 'll turn on now and then, not too often, and as  
for the rest,  
The B. P. has a taste for sound tippie, and knows when it's  
served with the best.

18.

If mine don't 'old its own on its merits, then way-oh ! for  
someone's as does !  
All cop and no blue ain't my motter ; that's all tommy-rot  
and buz-wuz.  
The pace of a yot must depend on her lines and the canvas  
she'll carry :  
If rivals can crowd on more sail, wy they're welcome to  
overhaul

'ARRY.



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AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM.

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"When 'ENO'S SALT' betimes you take,  
No waste of this elixir make;

But drain the dregs, and lick the cup  
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"When Time who steals our years away,  
Shall steal our pleasures too,

Eno's 'FRUIT SALT' will prove our stay,  
And still our health renew."

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The following extract from "REVIEWS OF REVIEWS," Nov. 1890, is of interest to every Smoker: THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Screw," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."



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